This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

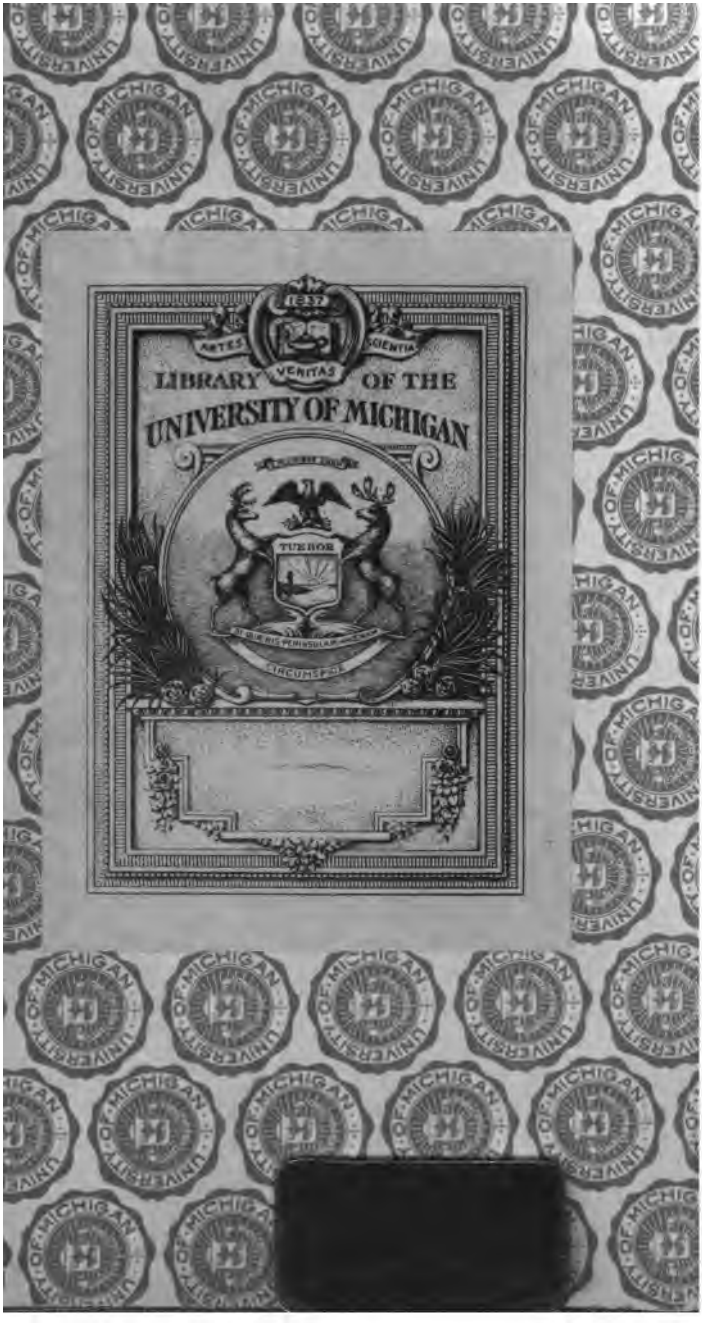
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

A 734,901



1837
ARTES VERITAS SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR
SI QUAERIS PENINSULAM AMOENAM
CIRCUMSPICE

H. Raeburn pinxit. C. Picart sculpsit.

HENRY MACKENZIE, ESQR.

Published April 29th 1808, by Cadell & Davies, Strand, London.

UNIV. OF MICH.

THE

WORKS

OF

HENRY MACKENZIE, Esq.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY JAMES BALLANTYNE AND CO.

FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO. WILLIAM CREECH,

AND MANNERS AND MILLER, EDINBURGH; AND

T. CADELL, AND W. DAVIES, LONDON.

1808.

GENERAL TABLE

OF

CONTENTS.

		PAGE.
Vol. I.	Preface to this Edition, ...	i
	MAN OF FEELING, ...	1
	MAN OF THE WORLD, ...	247
Vol. II.	MAN OF THE WORLD—Continued, and concluded, ...	1
Vol. III.	JULIA DE ROUBIGNE, ...	1
Vol. IV.	Papers from the MIRROR, ...	1
Vol. V.	Papers from the MIRROR—Continued, and concluded, ...	1
	Papers from the LOUNGER, . . .	91
Vol. VI.	Papers from the LOUNGER—Continued, ...	1

390453

PAGE.

Vol. VII. Papers from the LOUNGER further continued, and concluded, ... 1
Life of Dr BLACKLOCK, ... 45
Lord ABERCROMBY, . . . 103
WILLIAM TYTLER, Esq. 137
Review of the principal Proceedings of the PARLIAMENT of 1784. 177
Vol. VIII. Poems, ... 1
Dramatic Pieces, ... 109

PREFACE.

SEVERAL spurious and mean editions of the already published Works which the following volumes contain, having been brought out at different places, some respectable booksellers, in conjunction with those whose property they originally were, wished to have a new edition published, under the review and correction of the author himself, with the addition of any other pieces, fit for publication, which he had not yet brought out.

Indolence, it may be, a very indifferent state of health, and the duties of a laborious employment, not very congenial to any literary

occupation, were the principal causes of the delay which I have made in complying with their desire in this matter; but I was aware, besides, of the risk I ran in yielding to that part of it which related to my yet unpublished compositions. The indulgence of the public had given me something to lose in its estimation; and my respect for my readers, not less than for myself, made me cautious of giving to them any works unworthy of their perusal.

There is, however, a relative as well as an absolute value in such compositions; and the same degree of public favour which should make an author cautious and diffident of submitting his subsequent works to the world, interests it in those which he publishes, if they unfold his character, or mark any particular incidents in his life, though they may not in their intrinsic value be equal to his prior publications.

The smaller pieces of poetry, which form the first part of the concluding volume of this edi-

tion, (with the exception of one or two at the end,) were written before the appearance of those prose compositions to which the public has been so indulgent; and some of them at a very early age indeed. I ceased to write poetry at a more advanced period of life, (for I do not arrogate that name for the few verses which accident or importunity occasionally drew from me,) for somewhat of the same reason that prevented me from ever learning to play on any musical instrument; namely, that having from my earliest days lived much with musical people, and been extremely fond of music, I could not submit to hear the jarring sounds of a learner's violin or flute, even though that learner were myself. I had ideas of poetical excellence much beyond what I was able to produce, and felt, whether from what might be deemed vanity, or its opposite, a double reluctance to read indifferent verses, when those verses were my own. The difficulty of what may be termed the mere

execution of that species of composition, encreases greatly from the want of practice: I had often day-dreams of poetry, when poetical sentiments floated through my mind, and poetical images played before my eyes, which I found I could not embody in language which I thought sufficiently expressive of their force, and contented myself with the indulgence of those visions of fancy as a private gratification, unambitious of any rewards or honours, which reducing them into form and substance might procure me.

In looking back on those earlier pieces, I am aware of that complacence and partiality which an author feels for his own productions, and especially for those which are associated with recollections, interesting to him, though unknown to his readers; a consciousness which has induced me to suppress many little poems, which at the time they were written, I flattered myself with thinking not unworthy of the public

perusal. Perhaps it had been wiser to have carried this diffidence a little farther, and to have also suppressed those which I now venture to commit to the press, as a supplement to the present edition of my Works; but I have thought, though not without hesitation, and some friends to whom I have shewn them have thought with me, that there was in them at least that degree of merit which entitled them to be given to the world, without that degree of presumption which its censure or neglect would not fail to punish.

In these introductory sentences, short as they are, I am sufficiently sensible of the imputation of egotism, to which they are liable. Will it be to incur this farther to say, that I write them with the plainness and solemnity of a sort of literary testament, at a time of life, and in a state of health, which, as in the case of other testaments, though they leave to the writer the powers of mind equal to the understanding of its import and its consequences, make it not im-

probable, that before it is read by others, he may be past the consciousness of their approbation or their censure? He cannot, however, divest himself of an anticipation of their opinion; and before he puts his name to the writing, must have satisfied himself that it contains nothing which friendship can disapprove, which prudence can find much cause to blame; nothing which an honest man would be ashamed to own, or which trespasses against the interests or the feelings of humanity or virtue.

H. MACKENZIE.

Edinburgh, 2d April 1808.

INTRODUCTION.

My dog had made a point on a piece of fallow-ground, and led the curate and me two or three hundred yards over that and some stubble adjoining, in a breathless state of expectation, on a burning first of September.

It was a false point, and our labour was vain: yet, to do Rover justice, (for he's an excellent dog, though I have lost his pedigree,) the fault was none of his: The birds were gone; the curate shewed me the spot where they had lain basking, at the root of an old hedge.

I stopped, and cried *Hem!* The curate is fatter than I; he wiped the sweat from his brow.

There is no state where one is apter to pause and look round one, than after such a disappointment. It is even so in life. When we have been hurrying on, impelled by some warm wish or other, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left—we find, of a sudden, that all our gay hopes are flown; and the only slender consolation that some friend can give us, is to point where they were once to be found: And if we are not of that combustible race, who will rather beat their heads in spite, than wipe their brows with the curate, we look round and say, with the nauseated listlessness of the king of Israel, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

I looked round with some such grave apophthegm in my mind, when I discovered, for the first time, a venerable

pile, to which the inclosure belonged. An air of melancholy hung about it. There was a languid stillness in the day, and a single crow, that perched on an old tree by the side of the gate, seemed to delight in the echo of its own croaking.

I leaned on my gun, and looked; but I had not breath enough to ask the curate a question. I observed carving on the bark of some of the trees: 'twas indeed the only mark of human art about the place, except that some branches appeared to have been lopped, to give a view of the cascade, which was formed by a little rill at some distance.

Just at that instant I saw pass between the trees, a young lady with a book in her hand. I stood upon a stone to observe her; but the curate sat him down on the grass, and, leaning his back where I stood, told me, "That was the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman of the name of

Walton, whom he had seen walking there more than once.

"Some time ago," he said, "one Harley lived there, a whimsical sort of a man I am told, but I was not then in the cure; though, if I had a turn for such things, I might know a good deal of his history, for the greatest part of it is still in my possession."

"His history!" said I. "Nay, you may call it what you please," said the curate; "for indeed it is no more a history than it is a sermon. The way I came by it was this:—Some time ago, a grave, oddish kind of a man boarded at a farmer's in this parish. The country people called him the ghost; and he was known by the slouch in his gait, and the length of his stride. I was but little acquainted with him, for he never frequented any of the clubs hereabouts. Yet, for all he used to walk a-nights, he was as gentle as a lamb at times; for I have seen him playing at

tee-totum with the children, on the great stone at the door of our church-yard.

" Soon after I was made curate, he left the parish, and went nobody knows whither; and in his room was found a bundle of papers, which was brought to me by his landlord. I began to read them, but I soon grew weary of the task; for, besides that the hand is intolerably bad, I could never find the author in one strain for two chapters together; and I don't believe there's a single syllogism from beginning to end."

" I should be glad to see this medley," said I. " You shall see it now," answered the curate, " for I always take it along with me a-shooting." " How came it so torn?"—" 'Tis excellent wadding," said the curate. This was a plea of expediency I was not in a condition to answer; for I had actually in my pocket great part of an edition of one of the German Illustrissimi, for the very same purpose. We ex-

changed books; and by that means (for the curate is a strenuous logician) we probably saved both.

When I returned to town, I had leisure to peruse the acquisition I had made. I found it a bundle of little episodes, put together without art, and of no importance on the whole; with something of nature, and little else in them. I was a good deal affected with some very trifling passages in it; and, had the name of a Marmontel, or a Richardson, been on the title-page,—'tis odds that I should have wept. But

One is ashamed to be pleased with the works of one knows not whom.

THE

MAN OF FEELING.

CHAP. XI.*

Of Bashfulness.—A Character.—His Opinion on that Subject.

THERE is some rust about every man at the beginning; though in some nations (among the French, for instance) the ideas of the inhabitants, from climate, or what other cause you will, are so vivacious, so

* The reader will remember, that the Editor is accountable only for scattered chapters, and fragments of chapters; the curate must answer for the rest. The number at the top, when the chapter was entire, he has given as it originally stood, with the title which its author had affixed to it.

eternally on the wing, that they must, even in small societies, have a frequent collision; the rust therefore will wear off sooner: But in Britain it often goes with a man to his grave; nay, he dares not even pen a *hic jacet* to speak out for him after his death.

"Let them rub it off by travel," said the baronet's brother, who was a striking instance of excellent metal, shamefully rusted. I had drawn my chair near his. Let me paint the honest old man: 'tis but one passing sentence to preserve his image in my mind.

He sat in his usual attitude, with his elbow rested on his knee, and his fingers pressed on his cheek. His face was shaded by his hand; yet it was a face that might once have been well accounted handsome; its features were manly and striking, and a certain dignity resided on his eye-brows, which were the largest I remember to have seen. His person was

tall and well made; but the indolence of his nature had now inclined it to corpulency.

His remarks were few, and made only to his familiar friends; but they were such as the world might have heard with veneration; and his heart, uncorrupted by its ways, was ever warm in the cause of virtue and his friends.

He is now forgotten and gone! The last time I was at Silton-hall, I saw his chair stand in its corner by the fire-side; there was an additional cushion on it, and it was occupied by my young lady's favourite lap-dog. I drew near unperceived, and pinched its ears in the bitterness of my soul; the creature howled, and ran to its mistress. She did not suspect the author of its misfortune, but she bewailed it in the most pathetic terms; and, kissing its lips, laid it gently on her lap, and covered it with a cambric handkerchief. I sat in my old friend's seat; I

heard the roar of mirth and gaiety around me:—poor Ben Silton! I gave thee a tear then: accept of one cordial drop that falls to thy memory now.

"Let them rub it off by travel."—Why, it is true, said I, that will go far; but then it will often happen, that in the velocity of a modern tour, and amidst the materials through which it is commonly made, the friction is so violent, that not only the rust, but the metal too, will be lost in the progress.

Give me leave to correct the expression of your metaphor, said Mr Silton; this covering, of which you complain, is not always rust which is produced by the inactivity of the body on which it preys; such, perhaps, is the case with me, though indeed I was never cleared from my youth; but (taking it in its first stage) it is rather an encrustation, which nature has given for purposes of the greatest wisdom

You are right, I returned; and some-

times, like certain precious fossils, there may be hid under it gems of the purest brilliancy.

Nay, farther, continued Mr Silton, there are two distinct sorts of what we call bashfulness; this, the awkwardness of a booby, which a few steps into the world will convert into the pertness of a coxcomb; that, a consciousness, which the most delicate feelings produce, and the most extensive knowledge cannot always remove.

From the incidents I have already related, I imagine it will be concluded, that Harley was of the latter species of bashful animals; at least, if Mr Silton's principle be just, it may be argued on this side; for the gradation of the first mentioned sort, it is certain, he never attained. Some part of his external appearance was modelled from the company of those gentlemen, whom the antiquity of a family, now possessed of bare 250l. a year, entitled its representative to approach:

these, indeed, were not many; great part of the property in his neighbourhood being in the hands of merchants, who had got rich by their lawful calling abroad, and the sons of stewards, who had got rich by their lawful calling at home; persons so perfectly versed in the ceremonial of thousands, tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands, (whose degrees of precedency are plainly demonstrable from the first page of the Complete Acomptant, or Young Man's Best Pocket Companion,) that a bow at church from them to such a man as Harley, would have made the parson look back into his sermon for some precept of Christian humility.

CHAP. XII.

Of Worldly Interests.

THERE are certain interests which the world supposes every man to have, and which therefore are properly enough termed worldly; but the world is apt to make an erroneous estimate: ignorant of the dispositions which constitute our happiness or misery, it brings, to an undistinguished scale, the means of the one, as connected with power, wealth, or grandeur, and of the other with their contraries. Philosophers and poets have often protested against this decision; but their arguments have been despised as declamatory, or ridiculed as romantic.

There are never wanting, to a young man, some grave and prudent friends to

set him right in this particular, if he need it; to watch his ideas as they arise, and point them to those objects which a wise man should never forget.

Harley did not want for some monitors of this sort. He was frequently told of men, whose fortunes enabled them to command all the luxuries of life, whose fortunes were of their own acquirement; his envy was excited by a description of their happiness, and his emulation by a recital of the means which had procured it.

Harley was apt to hear those lectures with indifference; nay, sometimes they got the better of his temper; and, as the instances were not always amiable, provoked, on his part, some reflections, which, I am persuaded, his good-nature would else have avoided.

Indeed, I have observed one ingredient, somewhat necessary in a man's composition towards happiness, which people of

feeling would do well to acquire—a certain respect for the follies of mankind: for there are so many fools, whom the opinion of the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in heights of which they are unworthy, that he, who cannot restrain his contempt or indignation at the sight, will be too often quarrelling with the disposal of things, to relish that share which is allotted to himself. I do not mean, however, to insinuate this to have been the case with Harley; on the contrary, if we might rely on his own testimony, the conceptions he had of pomp and grandeur served to endear the state which Providence had assigned him.

He lost his father, the last surviving of his parents, as I have already related, when he was a boy. The good man, from a fear of offending, as well as from a regard to his son, had named him a variety of guardians; one consequence of which was, that they seldom met at all to consider

the affairs of their ward; and when they did meet, their opinions were so opposite, that the only possible method of conciliation, was the mediatory power of a dinner and a bottle, which commonly interrupted, not ended, the dispute; and, after that interruption ceased, left the consulting parties in a condition not very proper for adjusting it. His education, therefore, had been but indifferently attended to; and, after being taken from a country-school, at which he had been boarded, the young gentleman was suffered to be his own master in the subsequent branches of literature, with some assistance from the parson of the parish in languages and philosophy, and from the exciseman in arithmetic and book-keeping. One of his guardians, indeed, who, in his youth, had been an inhabitant of the Temple, set him to read Coke upon Lyttelton; a book which is very properly put into the hands of beginners in that science, as its simpli-

city is accommodated to their understandings, and its size to their inclination. He profited but little by the perusal: but it was not without its use in the family; for his maiden aunt applied it commonly to the laudable purpose of pressing her rebellious linens to the folds she had allotted them.

There were particularly two ways of increasing his fortune, which might have occurred to people of less foresight than the counsellors we have mentioned. One of these was, the prospect of his succeeding to an old lady, a distant relation, who was known to be possessed of a very large sum in the stocks; but in this their hopes were disappointed; for the young man was so untoward in his disposition, that, notwithstanding the instructions he daily received, his visits rather tended to alienate than gain the good-will of his kinswoman. He sometimes looked grave when the old lady told the jokes of her youth;

he often refused to eat when she pressed him, and was seldom or never provided with sugar-candy or liquorice when she was seized with a fit of coughing; nay, he had once the rudeness to fall asleep, while she was describing the composition and virtues of her favourite cholic-water. In short, he accommodated himself so ill to her humour, that she died, and did not leave him a farthing.

The other method pointed out to him, was an endeavour to get a lease of some crown lands, which lay contiguous to his little paternal estate. This, it was imagined, might be easily procured, as the crown did not draw so much rent as Harley could afford to give, with very considerable profit to himself; and the then lessee had rendered himself so obnoxious to the ministry, by the disposal of his vote at an election, that he could not expect a renewal. This, however, needed some in-

terest with the great, which Harley or his father never possessed.

His neighbour, Mr Walton, having heard of this affair, generously offered his assistance to accomplish it. He told him, that though he had long been a stranger to courtiers, yet, he believed, there were some of them who might pay regard to his recommendation; and that, if he thought it worth the while to take a London journey upon the business, he would furnish him with a letter of introduction to a baronet of his acquaintance, who had a great deal to say with the first lord of the treasury.

When his friends heard of this offer, they pressed him with the utmost earnestness to accept of it. They did not fail to enumerate the many advantages which a certain degree of spirit and assurance gives a man who would make a figure in the world: they repeated their instances of good fortune in others, ascribed them all

to a happy forwardness of disposition; and made so copious a recital of the disadvantages which attend the opposite weakness, that a stranger who had heard them, would have been led to imagine, that, in the British code, there was some disqualifying statute against any citizen who should be convicted of—modesty.

Harley, though he had no great relish for the attempt, yet could not resist the torrent of motives that assaulted him; and as he needed but little preparation for his journey, a day, not very distant, was fixed for his departure.

CHAP. XIII.

The Man of Feeling in Love.

THE day before that on which he set out, he went to take leave of Mr Walton.—We would conceal nothing;—there was another person of the family to whom also the visit was intended, on whose account, perhaps, there were some tenderer feelings in the bosom of Harley, than his gratitude for the friendly notice of that gentleman (though he was seldom deficient in that virtue) could inspire. Mr Walton had a daughter; and such a daughter! we will attempt some description of her by and by.

Harley's notions of the καλον, or beautiful, were not always to be defined, nor indeed such as the world would always assent to, though we could define them.

A blush, a phrase of affability to an inferior, a tear at a moving tale, were to him, like the cestus of Cytherea, unequalled in conferring beauty. For all these, Miss Walton was remarkable; but as these, like the above-mentioned cestus, are perhaps still more powerful, when the wearer is possessed of some degree of beauty, commonly so called; it happened, that, from this cause, they had more than usual power in the person of that young lady.

She was now arrived at that period of life, which takes, or is supposed to take, from the flippancy of girlhood those sprightlinesses with which some good-natured old maids oblige the world at threescore. She had been ushered into life (as that word is used in the dialect of St James's) at seventeen, her father being then in parliament, and living in London: at seventeen, therefore, she had been a universal toast; her health, now she was four-and-twenty, was

only drank by those who knew her face at least. Her complexion was mellowed into a paleness, which certainly took from her beauty; but agreed, at least Harley used to say so, with the pensive softness of her mind. Her eyes were of that gentle hazel colour, which is rather mild than piercing; and, except when they were lighted up by good-humour, which was frequently the case, were supposed by the fine gentlemen to want fire. Her air and manner were elegant in the highest degree, and were as sure of commanding respect, as their mistress was far from demanding it. Her voice was inexpressibly soft; it was, according to that incomparable simile of Otway's,

> ——— "like the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains,
> "When all his little flock's at feed before him."

The effect it had upon Harley, himself used to paint ridiculously enough; and

ascribed it to powers, which few believed, and nobody cared for.

Her conversation was always cheerful, but rarely witty; and without the smallest affectation of learning, had as much sentiment in it as would have puzzled a Turk, upon his principles of female materialism, to account for. Her beneficence was unbounded; indeed the natural tenderness of her heart might have been argued, by the frigidity of a casuist, as detracting from her virtue in this respect; for her humanity was a feeling, not a principle: but minds like Harley's are not very apt to make this distinction, and generally give our virtue credit for all that benevolence which is instinctive in our nature.

As her father had for some years retired to the country, Harley had frequent opportunities of seeing her. He looked on her for some time merely with that respect and admiration which her appearance seemed to demand, and the opinion

of others conferred upon her: from this cause, perhaps, and from that extreme sensibility of which we have taken frequent notice, Harley was remarkably silent in her presence. He heard her sentiments with peculiar attention, sometimes with looks very expressive of approbation; but seldom declared his opinion on the subject, much less made compliments to the lady on the justness of her remarks.

From this very reason it was, that Miss Walton frequently took more particular notice of him than of other visitors, who, by the laws of precedency, were better entitled to it: it was a mode of politeness she had peculiarly studied, to bring to the line of that equality, which is ever necessary for the ease of our guests, those whose sensibility had placed them below it.

Harley saw this; for, though he was a child in the drama of the world, yet was it not altogether owing to a want of know-

ledge of his part; on the contrary, the most delicate consciousness of propriety often kindled that blush which marred the performance of it: this raised his esteem something above what the most sanguine descriptions of her goodness had been able to do; for certain it is, that notwithstanding the laboured definitions which very wise men have given us of the inherent beauty of virtue, we are always inclined to think her handsomest when she condescends to smile upon ourselves.

It would be trite to observe the easy gradation from esteem to love: in the bosom of Harley there scarce needed a transition; for there were certain seasons when his ideas were flushed to a degree much above their common complexion. In times not credulous of inspiration, we should account for this from some natural cause; but we do not mean to account for it at all; it were sufficient to describe its effects; but they were sometimes so

ludicrous, as might derogate from the dignity of the sensations which produced them to describe. They were treated indeed as such by most of Harley's sober friends, who often laughed very heartily at the awkward blunders of the real Harley, when the different faculties, which should have prevented them, were entirely occupied by the ideal. In some of these paroxysms of fancy, Miss Walton did not fail to be introduced; and the picture which had been drawn amidst the surrounding objects of unnoticed levity, was now singled out to be viewed through the medium of romantic imagination: it was improved of course, and esteem was a word inexpressive of the feelings which it excited.

CHAP. XIV.

He sets out on his Journey.—The Beggar and his Dog.

He had taken leave of his aunt on the eve of his intended departure; but the good lady's affection for her nephew interrupted her sleep, and early as it was next morning when Harley came down stairs to set out, he found her in the parlour with a tear on her cheek, and her caudle-cup in her hand. She knew enough of physic to prescribe against going abroad of a morning with an empty stomach. She gave her blessing with the draught; her instructions she had delivered the night before. They consisted mostly of negatives; for London, in her idea, was so replete with temptations, that it needed the

whole armour of her friendly cautions to repel their attacks.

Peter stood at the door. We have mentioned this faithful fellow formerly: Harley's father had taken him up an orphan, and saved him from being cast on the parish; and he had ever since remained in the service of him and of his son. Harley shook him by the hand as he passed, smiling, as if he had said, "I will not weep." He sprung hastily into the chaise that waited for him: Peter folded up the step. "My dear master (said he, shaking the solitary lock that hung on either side of his head,) I have been told as how London is a sad place."—He was choaked with the thought, and his benediction could not be heard: but it shall be heard, honest Peter! where these tears will add to its energy.

In a few hours Harley reached the inn where he proposed breakfasting; but the fulness of his heart would not suffer him

to eat a morsel. He walked out on the road, and, gaining a little height, stood gazing on the quarter he had left. He looked for his wonted prospect, his fields, his woods, and his hills: they were lost in the distant clouds! He pencilled them on the clouds, and bade them farewell with a sigh!

He sat down on a large stone to take out a little pebble from his shoe, when he saw, at some distance, a beggar approaching him. He had on a loose sort of coat, mended with different-coloured rags, amongst which the blue and the russet were the predominant. He had a short knotty stick in his hand, and on the top of it was stuck a ram's horn; his knees (though he was no pilgrim) had worn the stuff of his breeches; he wore no shoes, and his stockings had entirely lost that part of them which should have covered his feet and ancles: in his face, however, was the plump appearance of good hu-

mour; he walked a good round pace, and a crook-legged dog trotted at his heels.

"Our delicacies," said Harley to himself, "are fantastic; they are not in nature! that beggar walks over the sharpest of these stones barefooted, whilst I have lost the most delightful dream in the world, from the smallest of them happening to get into my shoe."—The beggar had by this time come up, and, pulling off a piece of hat, asked charity of Harley; the dog began to beg too:—it was impossible to resist both; and in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unnecessary, for Harley had destined sixpence for him before. The beggar, on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number; and with a sort of smile on his countenance, said to Harley, "that if he wanted to have his fortune told"—Harley turned his eye briskly on the beggar: it was an unpromising look for the subject of a prediction, and silenced the

prophet immediately. " I would much rather learn," said Harley, " what it is in your power to tell me: your trade must be an entertaining one: sit down on this stone, and let me know something of your profession; I have often thought of turning fortune-teller for a week or two myself."

" Master," replied the beggar, " I like your frankness much; God knows I had the humour of plain-dealing in me from a child; but there is no doing with it in this world; we must live as we can, and lying is, as you call it, my profession: but I was in some sort forced to the trade, for I dealt once in telling truth.

" I was a labourer, Sir, and gained as much as to make me live: I never laid by indeed: for I was reckoned a piece of a wag, and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich, Mr Harley." " So," said Harley, " you seem to know me." " Ay, there are few folks in the county that I

don't know something of: how should I tell fortunes else?" "True; but to go on with your story: you were a labourer, you say, and a wag; your industry, I suppose, you left with your old trade; but your humour you preserve to be of use to you in your new."

"What signifies sadness, Sir? a man grows lean on't: but I was brought to my idleness by degrees; first I could not work, and it went against my stomach to work ever after. I was seized with a jail fever at the time of the assizes being in the county where I lived; for I was always curious to get acquainted with the felons, because they are commonly fellows of much mirth and little thought, qualities I had ever an esteem for. In the height of this fever, Mr Harley, the house where I lay took fire, and burnt to the ground; I was carried out in that condition, and lay all the rest of my illness in a barn. I got the better of my disease, however, but

I was so weak that I spit blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living that I knew of, and I never kept a friend above a week, when I was able to joke; I seldom remained above six months in a parish, so that I might have died before I had found a settlement in any: thus I was forced to beg my bread, and a sorry trade I found it, Mr Harley. I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed; and the few who gave me a halfpenny as they passed, did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story. In short, I found that people don't care to give alms without some security for their money; a wooden leg, or a withered arm, is a sort of draft upon heaven for those who chuse to have their money placed to account there; so I changed my plan, and, instead of telling my own misfortunes, began to prophecy happiness to others. This I found by much the better

way; folks will always listen when the tale is their own; and of many who say they do not believe in fortune-telling, I have known few on whom it had not a very sensible effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintance; amours and little squabbles are easily gleaned among servants and neighbours; and indeed people themselves are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose: they dare not puzzle us for their own sakes, for every one is anxious to hear what they wish to believe; and they who repeat it, to laugh at it when they have done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a tolerable good memory, and some share of cunning; with the help of walking a-nights over heaths and churchyards; with this, and shewing the tricks of that there dog, whom I stole from the serjeant of a marching regiment (and by the way he can steal too upon occasion,) I make shift to pick up a livelihood. My

trade, indeed, is none of the honestest; yet people are not much cheated neither, who give a few halfpence for a prospect of happiness, which I have heard some persons say is all a man can arrive at in this world.—But I must bid you good-day, Sir; for I have three miles to walk before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies, whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm, or captains in the army: a question which I promised to answer them by that time."

Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket; but Virtue bade him consider on whom he was going to bestow it.—Virtue held back his arm:—but a milder form, a younger sister of Virtue's, not so severe as Virtue, nor so serious as Pity, smiled upon him: his fingers lost their compression;—nor did Virtue offer to catch the money as it fell. It had no sooner reached the ground than the watchful cur (a trick he had been taught,) snapped it up;

and, contrary to the most approved method of stewardship, delivered it immediately into the hands of his master.

****

CHAP. XIX.

He makes a second expedition to the Baronet's. The laudable ambition of a young man to be thought something by the world.

We have related, in a former chapter, the little success of his first visit to the great man, for whom he had the introductory letter from Mr Walton. To people of equal sensibility, the influence of those trifles we mentioned on his deportment will not appear surprising; but to his friends in the country, they could not be stated, nor would they have allowed them any place in the account. In some of their letters, therefore, which he received soon after, they expressed their surprise at his not having been more urgent in his application, and again recommended the blushless assiduity of successful merit.

He resolved to make another attempt at the baronet's; fortified with higher notions of his own dignity, and with less apprehension of repulse. In his way to Grosvenor-square he began to ruminate on the folly of mankind, who affix those ideas of superiority to riches, which reduce the minds of men, by nature equal with the more fortunate, to that sort of servility which he felt in his own. By the time he had reached the Square, and was walking along the pavement which led to the baronet's, he had brought his reasoning on the subject to such a point, that the conclusion, by every rule of logic, should have led him to a thorough indifference in his approaches to a fellow-mortal, whether that fellow-mortal was possessed of six, or six thousand pounds a year. It is probable, however, that the premises had been improperly formed: for it is certain, that when he approached the

great man's door, he felt his heart agitated by an unusual pulsation.

He had almost reached it, when he observed a young gentleman coming out, dressed in a white frock, and a red laced waistcoat, with a small switch in his hand, which he seemed to manage with a particular good grace. As he passed him on the steps, the stranger very politely made him a bow, which Harley returned, though he could not remember ever having seen him before. He asked Harley in the same civil manner, if he was going to wait on his friend the baronet? "for I was just calling," said he, "and am sorry to find that he is gone for some days into the country." Harley thanked him for his information; and was turning from the door, when the other observed that it would be proper to leave his name, and very obligingly knocked for that purpose. "Here is a gentleman, Tom, who meant to have waited on your master." "Your

name, if you please, Sir?"—"Harley."—"You'll remember, Tom, Harley."—The door was shut. "Since we are here," said he, "we shall not lose our walk, if we add a little to it by a turn or two in Hyde-park." He accompanied this proposal with a second bow, and Harley accepted of it by another in return.

The conversation, as they walked, was brilliant on the side of his companion. The playhouse, the opera, with every occurrence in high life, he seemed perfectly master of; and talked of some reigning beauties of quality, in a manner the most feeling in the world. Harley admired the happiness of his vivacity; and, opposite as it was to the reserve of his own nature, began to be much pleased with its effects.

Though I am not of opinion with some wise men, that the existence of objects depends on idea; yet, I am convinced, that their appearance is not a little influenced by it. The optics of some minds

are so unhappily constructed, as to throw a certain shade on every picture that is presented to them; while those of others (of which number was Harley,) like the mirrors of the ladies, have a wonderful effect in bettering their complexions. Through such a medium, perhaps, he was looking on his present companion.

When they had finished their walk, and were returning by the corner of the Park, they observed a board hung out of a window, signifying, "an excellent ORDINARY on Saturdays and Sundays." It happened to be Saturday, and the table was covered. "What if we should go in and dine here, if you happen not to be engaged, Sir?" said the young gentleman. "It is not impossible but we shall meet with some original or other; it is a sort of humour I like hugely." Harley made no objection; and the stranger showed him the way into the parlour.

He was placed, by the courtesy of his

introductor, in an arm-chair that stood at one side of the fire. Over against him was seated a man of a grave considering aspect, with that look of sober prudence which indicates what is commonly called a warm man. He wore a pretty large wig, which had once been white, but was now of a brownish yellow; his coat was one of those modest-coloured drabs which mock the injuries of dust and dirt; two jack-boots concealed, in part, the well-mended knees of an old pair of buckskin breeches, while the spotted handkerchief round his neck, preserved at once its owner from catching cold, and his neckcloth from being dirtied. Next him sat another man, with a tankard in his hand, and a quid of tobacco in his cheek, whose eye was rather more vivacious, and whose dress was something smarter.

The first-mentioned gentleman took notice, that the room had been so lately washed, as not to have had time to dry;

and remarked, that wet lodging was unwholesome for man or beast. He looked round, at the same time, for a poker to stir the fire with, which, he at last observed to the company, the people of the house had removed, in order to save their coals. This difficulty, however, he overcame, by the help of Harley's stick, saying, "that as they should, no doubt, pay for their fire in some shape or other, he saw no reason why they should not have the use of it while they sat."

The door was now opened for the admission of dinner. "I don't know how it is with you, gentlemen," said Harley's new acquaintance; "but I am afraid I shall not be able to get down a morsel at this horrid mechanical hour of dining." He sat down, however, and did not shew any want of appetite by his eating. He took upon him the carving of the meat, and criticised on the goodness of the pudding.

When the table-cloth was removed, he proposed calling for some punch, which was readily agreed to; he seemed at first inclined to make it himself, but afterwards changed his mind, and left that province to the waiter, telling him to have it pure West Indian, or he could not taste a drop of it.

When the punch was brought, he undertook to fill the glasses, and call the toasts.—"The King."—The toast naturally produced politics. It is the privilege of Englishmen to drink the king's health, and to talk of his conduct. The man who sat opposite to Harley (and who by this time, partly from himself, and partly from his acquaintance on his left hand, was discovered to be a grazier) observed, "That it was a shame for so many pensioners to be allowed to take the bread out of the mouth of the poor." "Ay, and provisions," said his friend, "were never so dear in the memory of man; I wish the

king, and his counsellors, would look to that" "As for the matter of provisions, neighbour Wrightson," he replied, "I am sure the prices of cattle"—A dispute would have probably ensued, but it was prevented by the spruce toast-master, who gave a sentiment; and turning to the two politicians, "Pray, gentlemen," said he, "let us have done with these musty politics: I would always leave them to the beer-suckers in Butcher-row.* Come, let us have something of the fine arts. That was a damn'd hard match between the Nailor and Tim Bucket. The knowing ones were cursedly taken in there! I lost a cool hundred myself, faith."

At mention of the cool hundred, the grazier threw his eyes aslant, with a mingled look of doubt and surprise; while the

* It may be necessary to inform readers of the present day, that the noted political debating Society, called the *Robinhood,* was held at a house in Butcher-row.

man at his elbow looked arch, and gave a short emphatical sort of cough.

Both seemed to be silenced, however, by this intelligence; and, while the remainder of the punch lasted, the conversation was wholly engrossed by the gentleman with the fine waistcoat, who told a great many "immense comical stories," and "confounded smart things," as he termed them, acted and spoken by lords, ladies, and young bucks of quality, of his acquaintance. At last, the grazier, pulling out a watch, of a very unusual size, and telling the hour, said, that he had an appointment. "Is it so late?" said the young gentleman; "then I am afraid I have missed an appointment already; but the truth is, I am cursedly given to missing of appointments."

When the grazier and he were gone, Harley returned to the remaining personage, and asked him, if he knew that young gentleman? "A gentleman!" said he;

" ay, he is one of your gentlemen, at the top of an affidavit. I knew him, some years ago, in the quality of a footman; and, I believe, he had sometimes the honour to be a pimp. At last, some of the great folks, to whom he had been serviceable in both capacities, had him made a gauger; in which station he remains, and has the assurance to pretend an acquaintance with men of quality. The impudent dog! with a few shillings in his pocket, he will talk you three times as much as my friend Mundy there, who is worth nine thousand, if he's worth a farthing. But I know the rascal, and despise him, as he deserves."

Harley began to despise him too, and to conceive some indignation at having sat with patience to hear such a fellow speak nonsense. But he corrected himself, by reflecting, that he was perhaps as well entertained, and instructed too, by this same modest gauger, as he should

have been by such a man as he had thought proper to personate. And surely the fault may more properly be imputed to that rank where the futility is real, than where it is feigned; to that rank, whose opportunities for nobler accomplishments have only served to rear a fabric of folly, which the untutored hand of affectation, even among the meanest of mankind, can imitate with success.

CHAP. XX.

He visits Bedlam.—The distresses of a Daughter.

Of those things called Sights in London, which every stranger is supposed desirous to see, Bedlam is one. To that place, therefore, an acquaintance of Harley's, after having accompanied him to several other shows, proposed a visit. Harley objected to it, "because," said he, "I think it an inhuman practice to expose the greatest misery with which our nature is afflicted, to every idle visitant, who can afford a trifling perquisite to the keeper; especially as it is a distress which the humane must see with the painful reflection, that it is not in their power to alleviate it." He was overpowered, however, by the solicitations of his friend and the other persons of the party, (amongst whom were

several ladies;) and they went in a body to Moorfields.

Their conductor led them first to the dismal mansions of those who are in the most horrid state of incurable madness. The clanking of chains, the wildness of their cries, and the imprecations which some of them uttered, formed a scene inexpressibly shocking. Harley and his companions, especially the female part of them, begged their guide to return: he seemed surprised at their uneasiness, and was with difficulty prevailed on to leave that part of the house without showing them some others; who, as he expressed it, in the phrase of those that keep wild beasts for show, were much better worth seeing than any they had passed, being ten times more fierce and unmanageable.

He led them next to that quarter where those reside, who, as they are not dangerous to themselves or others, enjoy a cer-

tain degree of freedom, according to the state of their distemper.

Harley had fallen behind his companions, looking at a man who was making pendulums with bits of thread, and little balls of clay. He had delineated a segment of a circle on the wall with chalk, and marked their different vibrations, by intersecting it with cross lines. A decent-looking man came up, and smiling at the maniac, turned to Harley, and told him, that gentleman had once been a very celebrated mathematician. "He fell a sacrifice," said he, "to the theory of comets; for having, with infinite labour, formed a table on the conjectures of Sir Isaac Newton, he was disappointed in the return of one of those luminaries, and was very soon after obliged to be placed here by his friends. If you please to follow me, Sir," continued the stranger, "I believe I shall be able to give a more satisfactory account of the unfortunate people you see

here, than the man who attends your companions." Harley bowed, and accepted his offer.

The next person they came up to had scrawled a variety of figures on a piece of slate. Harley had the curiosity to take a nearer view of them. They consisted of different columns, on the top of which were marked South-sea annuities, India-stock, and Three per cent. annuities consol. "This," said Harley's instructor, "was a gentleman well known in Change-alley. He was once worth fifty thousand pounds, and had actually agreed for the purchase of an estate in the West, in order to realize his money; but he quarrelled with the proprietor about the repairs of the garden-wall, and so returned to town to follow his old trade of stock-jobbing a little longer; when an unlucky fluctuation of stock, in which he was engaged to an immense extent, reduced him at once to poverty and to madness. Poor

wretch! he told me t'other day, that against the next payment of differences, he should be some hundreds above a plum."—

"It is a spondee, and I will maintain it," interrupted a voice on his left hand. This assertion was followed by a very rapid recital of some verses from Homer. "That figure," said the gentleman, "whose clothes are so bedaubed with snuff, was a schoolmaster of some reputation: he came hither to be resolved of some doubts he entertained concerning the genuine pronunciation of the Greek vowels. In his highest fits, he makes frequent mention of one Mr Bentley.

"But delusive ideas, Sir, are the motives of the greatest part of mankind, and a heated imagination the power by which their actions are incited: the world, in the eye of a philosopher, may be said to be a large madhouse." "It is true,"

answered Harley, "the passions of men are temporary madnesses; and sometimes very fatal in their effects,

From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

"It was, indeed," said the stranger, "a very mad thing in Charles, to think of adding so vast a country as Russia to his dominions; that would have been fatal indeed; the balance of the North would then have been lost; but the Sultan and I would never have allowed it."—"Sir!" said Harley, with no small surprise on his countenance. "Why, yes," answered the other, "the Sultan and I; do you know me? I am the Chan of Tartary."

Harley was a good deal struck by this discovery; he had prudence enough, however, to conceal his amazement, and, bowing as low to the monarch as his dignity required, left him immediately, and joined his companions.

He found them in a quarter of the house set apart for the insane of the other sex, several of whom had gathered about the female visitors, and were examining, with rather more accuracy than might have been expected, the particulars of their dress.

Separate from the rest stood one, whose appearance had something of superior dignity. Her face, though pale and wasted, was less squalid than those of the others, and showed a dejection of that decent kind, which moves our pity unmixed with horror: upon her, therefore, the eyes of all were immediately turned. The keeper, who accompanied them, observed it: "This," said he, "is a young lady, who was born to ride in her coach and six. She was beloved, if the story I have heard be true, by a young gentleman, her equal in birth, though by no means her match in fortune: but love, they say, is blind, and so she fancied him

as much as he did her. Her father, it seems, would not hear of their marriage, and threatened to turn her out of doors, if ever she saw him again. Upon this, the young gentleman took a voyage to the West Indies, in hopes of bettering his fortune, and obtaining his mistress; but he was scarce landed, when he was seized with one of the fevers, which are common in those islands, and died in a few days, lamented by every one that knew him. This news soon reached his mistress, who was at the same time pressed by her father to marry a rich miserly fellow, who was old enough to be her grandfather. The death of her lover had no effect on her inhuman parent: he was only the more earnest for her marriage with the man he had provided for her; and what between her despair at the death of the one, and her aversion to the other, the poor young lady was reduced to the condition you see her in. But God would

not prosper such cruelty: her father's affairs soon after went to wreck, and he died almost a beggar."

Though this story was told in very plain language, it had particularly attracted Harley's notice; he had given it the tribute of some tears. The unfortunate young lady had, till now, seemed entranced in thought, with her eyes fixed on a little garnet ring she wore on her finger: she turned them now upon Harley. "My Billy is no more!" said she; "Do you weep for my Billy? Blessings on your tears! I would weep too, but my brain is dry; and it burns, it burns, it burns!" She drew nearer to Harley. "Be comforted, young lady," said he, "your Billy is in heaven."---"Is he, indeed? and shall we meet again? and shall that frightful man (pointing to the keeper) not be there? Alas! I am grown naughty of late; I have almost forgotten to think of heaven: yet I pray some-

times; when I can, I pray; and sometimes I sing; when I am saddest I sing. You shall hear me---hush!

"Light be the earth on Billy's breast,
"And green the sod that wraps his grave!"

There was a plaintive wildness in the air not to be withstood; and, except the keeper's, there was not an unmoistened eye around her.

"Do you weep again?" said she; "I would not have you weep. You are like my Billy: you are, believe me; just so he looked, when he gave me this ring; poor Billy! 'twas the last time ever we met!---

"'Twas when the seas were roaring"—

I love you for resembling my Billy; but I shall never love any man like him."--- She stretched out her hand to Harley; he

pressed it between both of his, and bathed it with his tears. "Nay, that is Billy's ring," said she, "you cannot have it, indeed; but here is another, look here, which I plated, to-day, of some gold-thread from this bit of stuff; will you keep it for my sake? I am a strange girl; but my heart is harmless: my poor heart! it will burst some day; feel how it beats!" She pressed his hand to her bosom, then holding her head in the attitude of listening,---"Hark! one, two, three! be quiet, thou little trembler; my Billy's is cold!---but I had forgotten the ring." She put it on his finger. "Farewell! I must leave you now." She would have withdrawn her hand; Harley held it to his lips. "I dare not stay longer; my head throbs sadly: farewell!" She walked with a hurried step to a little apartment at some distance. Harley stood fixed in astonishment and pity; his friend gave money to the keeper. Harley look-

ed on his ring. He put a couple of guineas into the man's hand:---" Be kind to that unfortunate." He burst into tears, and left them.

CHAP. XXI.

The Misanthrope.

THE friend, who had conducted him to Moorfields, called upon him again the next evening. After some talk on the adventures of the preceding day; "I carried you yesterday," said he to Harley, "to visit the mad; let me introduce you to-night, at supper, to one of the wise: but you must not look for any thing of the Socratic pleasantry about him; on the contrary, I warn you to expect the spirit of a Diogenes. That you may be a little prepared for his extraordinary manner, I will let you into some particulars of his history:---

"He is the elder of the two sons of a

gentleman of considerable estate in the country. Their father died when they were young: both were remarkable at school for quickness of parts, and extent of genius; this had been bred to no profession, because his father's fortune, which descended to him, was thought sufficient to set him above it; the other was put apprentice to an eminent attorney. In this the expectations of his friends were more consulted than his own inclination; for both his brother and he had feelings of that warm kind, that could ill brook a study so dry as the law, especially in that department of it which was allotted to him. But the difference of their tempers made the characteristical distinction between them. The younger, from the gentleness of his nature, bore, with patience, a situation entirely discordant to his genius and disposition. At times, indeed, his pride would suggest, of how little importance those talents were, which the

partiality of his friends had often extolled: they were now incumbrances in a walk of life where the dull and the ignorant passed him at every turn; his fancy and his feeling were invincible obstacles to eminence, in a situation, where his fancy had no room for exertion, and his feeling experienced perpetual disgust. But these murmurings he never suffered to be heard; and that he might not offend the prudence of those who had been concerned in the choice of his profession, he continued to labour in it several years, till, by the death of a relation, he succeeded to an estate of little better than one hundred pounds a-year, with which, and the small patrimony left him, he retired into the country, and made a love-match with a young lady of a similar temper to his own, with whom the sagacious world pitied him for finding happiness.

" But his elder brother, whom you are to see at supper, if you will do us the fa-

vour of your company, was naturally impetuous, decisive, and overbearing. He entered into life with those ardent expectations, by which young men are commonly deluded: in his friendships, warm to excess; and equally violent in his dislikes. He was on the brink of marriage with a young lady, when one of those friends, for whose honour he would have pawned his life, made an elopement with that very goddess, and left him besides deeply engaged for sums, which that good friend's extravagance had squandered.

"The dreams he had formerly enjoyed were now changed for ideas of a very different nature. He abjured all confidence in any thing of human form; sold his lands, which still produced him a very large reversion; came to town, and immured himself with a woman, who had been his nurse, in little better than a garret; and has ever since applied his talents to the vilifying of his species. In one

thing I must take the liberty to instruct you;---however different your sentiments may be, (and different they must be,) you will suffer him to go on without contradiction, otherwise he will be silent immediately, and we shall not get a word from him all the night after." Harley promised to remember this injunction, and accepted the invitation of his friend.

When they arrived at the house, they were informed, that the gentleman was come, and had been shewn into the parlour. They found him sitting with a daughter of his friend's, about three years old, on his knee, whom he was teaching the alphabet from a horn-book: at a little distance stood a sister of hers, some years older. "Get you away, miss," said he to this last; "you are a pert gossip, and I will have nothing to do with you."---"Nay," answered she, "Nancy is your favourite; you are quite in love with Nancy."---"Take away that girl," said

he to her father, whom he now observed to have entered the room, "she has woman about her already." The children were accordingly dismissed.

Betwixt that and supper-time, he did not utter a syllable. When supper came, he quarrelled with every dish at table, but eat of them all; only exempting from his censures a sallad, "which you have not spoiled," said he, "because you have not attempted to cook it."

When the wine was set upon the table, he took from his pocket a particular smoking apparatus, and filled his pipe, without taking any more notice of Harley, or his friend, than if no such persons had been in the room.

Harley could not help stealing a look of surprise at him; but his friend, who knew his humour, returned it, by annihilating his presence in the like manner, and, leaving him to his own meditations, addressed himself entirely to Harley.

In their discourse, some mention happened to be made of an amiable character, and the words *honour* and *politeness* were applied to it. Upon this, the gentleman laying down his pipe, and changing the tone of his countenance, from an ironical grin to something more intently contemptuous :----" Honour," said he, " Honour and Politeness! this is the coin of the world, and passes current with the fools of it. You have substituted the shadow Honour, instead of the substance Virtue; and have banished the reality of friendship for the fictitious semblance, which you have termed Politeness: politeness, which consists in a certain ceremonious jargon, more ridiculous to the ear of reason than the voice of a puppet. You have invented sounds, which you worship, though they tyrannize over your peace; and are surrounded with empty forms, which take from the honest emotions of joy, and add to the poignancy of

misfortune."---" Sir!" said Harley---His friend winked to him, to remind him of the caution he had received. He was silenced by the thought---The philosopher turned his eye upon him: he examined him from top to toe, with a sort of triumphant contempt. Harley's coat happened to be a new one; the other's was as shabby as could possibly be supposed to be on the back of a gentleman: there was much significance in his look with regard to his coat: it spoke of the sleekness of folly, and the threadbareness of wisdom.

" Truth," continued he, " the most amiable, as well as the most natural, of virtues, you are at pains to eradicate. Your very nurseries are seminaries of falsehood; and what is called Fashion in manhood, completes the system of avowed insincerity. Mankind, in the gross, is a gaping monster, that loves to be deceived, and has seldom been disappoint-

ed: nor is their vanity less fallacious to your philosophers, who adopt modes of truth to follow them through the paths of error, and defend paradoxes merely to be singular in defending them. These are they whom ye term Ingenious; 'tis a phrase of commendation I detest; it implies an attempt to impose on my judgment, by flattering my imagination; yet these are they whose works are read by the old with delight, which the young are taught to look upon as the codes of knowledge and philosophy.

"Indeed, the education of your youth is every way preposterous; you waste at school years in improving talents, without having ever spent an hour in discovering them; one promiscuous line of instruction is followed, without regard to genius, capacity, or probable situation in the commonwealth. From this bear-garden of the pedagogue, a raw unprincipled boy is turned loose upon the world to

travel; without any ideas but those of improving his dress at Paris, or starting into taste by gazing on some paintings at Rome. Ask him of the manners of the people, and he will tell you, That the skirt is worn much shorter in France; and that every body eats macaroni in Italy. When he returns home, he buys a seat in Parliament, and studies the constitution at Arthur's.

"Nor are your females trained to any more useful purpose: they are taught, by the very rewards which their nurses propose for good behaviour, by the first thing like a jest which they hear from every male visitor of the family, that a young woman is a creature to be married; and, when they are grown somewhat older, are instructed, that it is the purpose of marriage to have the enjoyment of pin-money, and the expectation of a jointure."

* " These indeed are the effects of luxury, which is perhaps inseparable from a certain degree of power and grandeur in a nation. But it is not simply of the progress of luxury that we have to complain: did its votaries keep in their own sphere of thoughtless dissipation, we might despise them without emotion; but the frivolous pursuits of pleasure are mingled with the most important concerns of the state; and public enterprise shall sleep till he who should guide its operation has

* Though the curate could not remember having shown this chapter to any body, I strongly suspect that these political observations are the work of a later pen than the rest of this performance. There seems to have been, by some accident, a gap in the manuscript, from the words, " Expectation of a jointure," to these, " In short, man is an animal," where the present blank ends; and some other person (for the hand is different, and the ink whiter) has filled part of it with sentiments of his own. Whoever he was, he seems to have caught some portion of the spirit of the man he personates.

decided his bets at Newmarket, or fulfilled his engagement with a favourite mistress in the country. We want some man of acknowledged eminence to point our counsels with that firmness which the counsels of a great people require. We have hundreds of ministers, who press forward into office, without having ever learned that art which is necessary for every business,---the art of thinking; and mistake the petulance, which could give inspiration to smart sarcasms on an obnoxious measure in a popular assembly, for the ability which is to balance the interest of kingdoms, and investigate the latent sources of national superiority. With the administration of such men, the people can never be satisfied; for, besides that their confidence is gained only by the view of superior talents, there needs that depth of knowledge, which is not only acquainted with the just extent of power, but can also trace its connection

with the expedient, to preserve its possessors from the contempt which attends irresolution, or the resentment which follows temerity."

* * * * * * * * *

[Here a considerable part is wanting.]

* * "In short, man is an animal equally selfish and vain. Vanity, indeed, is but a modification of selfishness. From the latter, there are some who pretend to be free: they are generally such as declaim against the lust of wealth and power, because they have never been able to attain any high degree in either: they boast of generosity and feeling. They tell us, (perhaps they tell us in rhyme,) that the sensations of an honest heart, of a mind universally benevolent, make up the quiet bliss which they enjoy; but they will not, by this, be exempted from the charge of

selfishness. Whence the luxurious happiness they describe in their little family-circles? Whence the pleasure which they feel, when they trim their evening-fires, and listen to the howl of the winter's wind? Whence, but from the secret reflection of what houseless wretches feel from it? Or do you administer comfort in affliction---the motive is at hand; I have had it preached to me in nineteen out of twenty of your consolatory discourses---the comparative littleness of our own misfortunes.

"With vanity your best virtues are grossly tainted: your benevolence, which ye deduce immediately from the natural impulse of the heart, squints to it for its reward. There are some, indeed, who tell us of the satisfaction which flows from a secret consciousness of good actions: this secret satisfaction is truly excellent---- when we have some friend to whom we may discover its excellence."

He now paused a moment to relight his pipe, when a clock, that stood at his back, struck eleven; he started up at the sound, took his hat and his cane, and, nodding good night with his head, walked out of the room. The gentleman of the house called a servant to bring the stranger's surtout. "What sort of a night is it, fellow?" said he:---"It rains, sir," answered the servant, "with an easterly wind." ---"Easterly for ever!"---He made no other reply; but shrugging up his shoulders, till they almost touched his ears, wrapped himself tight in his great coat, and disappeared.

"This is a strange creature," said his friend to Harley. "I cannot say," answered he, "that his remarks are of the pleasant kind: it is curious to observe, how the nature of truth may be changed by the garb it wears; softened to the admonition of friendship, or soured into the

severity of reproof. Yet this severity may be useful to some tempers: it somewhat resembles a file; disagreeable in its operation, but hard metals may be the brighter for it."

* * * * * * *

CHAP. XXV.

His Skill in Physiognomy.

THE company at the baronet's removed to the playhouse accordingly, and Harley took his usual route into the Park. He observed, as he entered, a fresh-looking elderly gentleman in conversation with a beggar, who, leaning on his crutch, was recounting the hardships he had undergone, and explaining the wretchedness of his present condition. This was a very interesting dialogue to Harley; he was rude enough, therefore, to slacken his pace, as he approached, and, at last, to make a full stop at the gentleman's back, who was just then expressing his compassion for the beggar, and regretting that he had not a farthing of change about

him. At saying this, he looked piteously on the fellow: there was something in his physiognomy which caught Harley's notice: indeed physiognomy was one of Harley's foibles, for which he had been often rebuked by his aunt in the country; who used to tell him, that when he was come to her years and experience, he would know, that all's not gold that glisters: and it must be owned, that his aunt was a very sensible, harsh-looking, maiden-lady, of threescore and upwards. But he was too apt to forget this caution; and now, it seems, it had not occurred to him: stepping up, therefore, to the gentleman, who was lamenting the want of silver, "Your intentions, sir," said he "are so good, that I cannot help lending you my assistance to carry them into execution," and gave the beggar a shilling. The other returned a suitable compliment, and extolled the benevolence of Harley.

They kept walking together, and benevolence grew the topic of discourse.

The stranger was fluent on the subject. "There is no use of money," said he, "equal to that of beneficence: with the profuse, it is lost; and even with those who lay it out according to the prudence of the world, the objects acquired by it pall on the sense, and have scarce become our own till they lose their value with the power of pleasing; but here the enjoyment grows on reflection, and our money is most truly ours, when it ceases being in our possession."

"Yet I agree in some measure," answered Harley, "with those who think, that charity to our common beggars is often misplaced; there are objects less obtrusive, whose title is a better one."

"We cannot easily distinguish," said the stranger; "and even of the worthless, are there not many whose imprudence, or

whose vice, may have been one dreadful consequence of misfortune?"

Harley looked again in his face, and blessed himself for his skill in physiognomy.

By this time they had reached the end of the walk, the old gentleman leaning on the rails to take breath, and in the mean time they were joined by a younger man, whose figure was much above the appearance of his dress, which was poor and shabby: Harley's former companion addressed him as an acquaintance, and they turned on the walk together.

The elder of the strangers complained of the closeness of the evening, and asked the other if he would go with him into a house hard by, and take one draught of excellent cyder. "The man who keeps this house," said he to Harley, "was once a servant of mine: I could not think of turning loose upon the world a faithful old fellow, for no other reason but that his

age had incapacitated him; so I gave him an annuity of ten pounds, with the help of which he has set up this little place here, and his daughter goes and sells milk in the city, while her father manages his tap-room, as he calls it, at home. I can't well ask a gentleman of your appearance to accompany me to so paltry a place."— "Sir," replied Harley, interrupting him, "I would much rather enter it than the most celebrated tavern in town: to give to the necessitous, may sometimes be a weakness in the man; to encourage industry, is a duty in the citizen." They entered the house accordingly.

On a table at the corner of the room lay a pack of cards, loosely thrown together. The old gentleman reproved the man of the house for encouraging so idle an amusement. Harley attempted to defend him, from the necessity of accommodating himself to the humour of his guests, and, taking up the cards, began to

shuffle them backwards and forwards in his hand. "Nay, I don't think cards so unpardonable an amusement as some do," replied the other; "and now and then, about this time of the evening, when my eyes begin to fail me for my book, I divert myself with a game at piquet, without finding my morals a bit relaxed by it. Do you play piquet, Sir?" (to Harley.) Harley answered in the affirmative; upon which the other proposed playing a pool at a shilling the game, doubling the stakes; adding, that he never played higher with any body.

Harley's good nature could not refuse the benevolent old man: and the younger stranger, though he at first pleaded prior engagements, yet being earnestly solicited by his friend, at last yielded to solicitation.

When they began to play, the old gentleman, somewhat to the surprise of Harley, produced ten shillings to serve for

markers of his score. "He had no change for the beggar," said Harley to himself; "but I can easily account for it; it is curious to observe the affection that inanimate things will create in us by a long acquaintance: if I may judge from my own feelings, the old man would not part with one of these counters for ten times its intrinsic value; it even got the better of his benevolence! I myself have a pair of old brass sleeve-buttons"—Here he was interrupted by being told, that the old gentleman had beat the younger, and that it was his turn to take up the conqueror. "Your game has been short," said Harley. "I repiqued him," answered the old man, with joy sparkling in his countenance. Harley wished to be repiqued too, but he was disappointed; for he had the same good fortune against his opponent. Indeed, never did fortune, mutable as she is, delight in mutability so much as at that moment: the victory was so quick,

and so constantly alternate, that the stake, in a short time, amounted to no less a sum than 12l.; Harley's proportion of which was within half a guinea of the money he had in his pocket. He had before proposed a division, but the old gentleman opposed it with such a pleasant warmth in his manner, that it was always overruled. Now, however, he told them, that he had an appointment with some gentlemen, and it was within a few minutes of his hour. The young stranger had gained one game, and was engaged in the second with the other; they agreed, therefore, that the stake should be divided if the old gentleman won that; which was more than probable, as his score was 90 to 35, and he was elder hand; but a momentous repique decided it in favour of his adversary, who seemed to enjoy his victory mingled with regret, for having won too much, while his friend, with great ebullience of passion, many praises of his

own good play, and many maledictions on the power of chance, took up the cards, and threw them into the fire.

CHAP. XXVI.

The Man of Feeling in a Brothel.

THE company he was engaged to meet were assembled in Fleet-street. He had walked some time along the Strand, amidst a crowd of those wretches who wait the uncertain wages of prostitution, with ideas of pity suitable to the scene around him, and the feelings he possessed, and had got as far as Somerset-house, when one of them laid hold of his arm, and with a voice tremulous and faint, asked him for a pint of wine, in a manner more supplicatory than is usual with those whom the infamy of their profession has deprived of shame: he turned round at the demand, and looked stedfastly on the person who made it.

She was above the common size, and elegantly formed; her face was thin and hollow, and showed the remains of tarnished beauty. Her eyes were black, but had little of their lustre left: her cheeks had some paint laid on without art, and productive of no advantage to her complexion, which exhibited a deadly paleness on the other parts of her face.

Harley stood in the attitude of hesitation; which she interpreting to her advantage, repeated her request, and endeavoured to force a leer of invitation into her countenance. He took her arm, and they walked on to one of those obsequious taverns in the neighbourhood, where the dearness of the wine is a discharge in full for the character of the house. From what impulse he did this, we do not mean to inquire; as it has ever been against our nature to search for motives where bad ones are to be found.—They entered, and

a waiter shewed them a room, and placed a bottle of wine on the table.

Harley filled the lady's glass; which she had no sooner tasted, than, dropping it on the floor, and eagerly catching his arm, her eye grew fixed, her lip assumed a clayey whiteness, and she fell back lifeless in her chair.

Harley started from his seat, and, catching her in his arms, supported her from falling to the ground, looking wildly at the door, as if he wanted to run for assistance, but durst not leave the miserable creature. It was not till some minutes after, that it occurred to him to ring the bell, which at last, however, he thought of, and rung with repeated violence even after the waiter appeared. Luckily the waiter had his senses somewhat more about him; and snatching up a bottle of water, which stood on a buffet at the end of the room, he sprinkled it over the hands and face of the dying figure before him. She

began to revive, and, with the assistance of some hartshorn drops, which Harley now for the first time drew from his pocket, was able to desire the waiter to bring her a crust of bread; of which she swallowed some mouthfuls with the appearance of the keenest hunger. The waiter withdrew: when, turning to Harley, sobbing at the same time, and shedding tears, "I am sorry, Sir," said she, "that I should have given you so much trouble; but you will pity me when I tell you, that till now I have not tasted a morsel these two days past."—He fixed his eyes on her's—every circumstance but the last was forgotten; and he took her hand with as much respect as if she had been a duchess. It was ever the privilege of misfortune to be revered by him.—"Two days!"—said he; "and I have fared sumptuously every day!"—He was reaching to the bell; she understood his meaning, and prevented him. "I beg, Sir," said she, "that you

would give yourself no more trouble about a wretch who does not wish to live; but, at present, I could not eat a bit; my stomach even rose at the last mouthful of that crust."—He offered to call a chair, saying, that he hoped a little rest would relieve her.—He had one half-guinea left: "I am sorry," he said, "that at present I should be able to make you an offer of no more than this paltry sum."—She burst into tears: "Your generosity, Sir, is abused; to bestow it on me is to take it from the virtuous: I have no title but misery to plead; misery of my own procuring." "No more of that," answered Harley; "there is virtue in these tears; let the fruit of them be virtue."—He rung, and ordered a chair.—"Though I am the vilest of beings," said she, "I have not forgotten every virtue; gratitude, I hope, I shall still have left, did I but know who is my benefactor."—"My name is Harley."—"Could I ever have an opportuni-

ty"—"You shall, and a glorious one too! your future conduct—but I do not mean to reproach you—if, I say—it will be the noblest reward—I will do myself the pleasure of seeing you again."—Here the waiter entered, and told them the chair was at the door; the lady informed Harley of her lodgings, and he promised to wait on her at ten next morning.

He led her to the chair, and returned to clear with the waiter, without ever once reflecting that he had no money in his pocket. He was ashamed to make an excuse; yet an excuse must be made: he was beginning to frame one, when the waiter cut him short, by telling him, that he could not run scores; but that, if he would leave his watch, or any other pledge, it would be as safe as if it lay in his pocket. Harley jumped at the proposal, and, pulling out his watch, delivered it into his hands immediately; and having, for once, had the precaution to take a note of the

lodging he intended to visit next morning, sallied forth with a blush of triumph on his face, without taking notice of the sneer of the waiter, who, twirling the watch in his hand, made him a profound bow at the door, and whispered to a girl, who stood in the passage, something, in which the word CULLY was honoured with a particular emphasis.

CHAP. XXVII.

His skill in Physiognomy is doubted.

AFTER he had been some time with the company he had appointed to meet, and the last bottle was called for, he first recollected that he would be again at a loss how to discharge his share of the reckoning. He applied, therefore, to one of them, with whom he was most intimate, acknowledging that he had not a farthing of money about him; and, upon being jocularly asked the reason, acquainted them with the two adventures we have just now related. One of the company asked him, if the old man in Hyde-park did not wear a brownish coat, with a narrow gold edging, and his companion an old green frock, with a buff-coloured waistcoat. Upon Harley's

recollecting that they did, " Then," said he, " you may be thankful you have come off so well; they are two as noted sharpers, in their way, as any in town, and but t'other night took me in for a much larger sum: I had some thoughts of applying to a justice, but one does not like to be seen in those matters."

Harley answered, " That he could not but fancy the gentleman was mistaken, as he never saw a face promise more honesty than that of the old man he had met with." —" His face!" said a grave-looking man, who sat opposite to him, squirting the juice of his tobacco obliquely into the grate. There was something very emphatical in the action; for it was followed by a burst of laughter round the table. " Gentlemen," said Harley, " you are disposed to be merry; it may be as you imagine, for I confess myself ignorant of the town: but there is one thing which makes me bear the loss of my money with temper:

the young fellow who won it must have been miserably poor; I observed him borrow money for the stake from his friend: he had distress and hunger in his countenance: be his character what it may, his necessities at least plead for him."—At this there was a louder laugh than before. "Gentlemen," said the lawyer, one of whose conversations with Harley we have already recorded, "here's a very pretty fellow for you: to have heard him talk some nights ago, as I did, you might have sworn he was a saint; yet now he games with sharpers, and loses his money; and is bubbled by a fine story invented by a whore, and pawns his watch; here are sanctified doings with a witness!"

"Young gentleman," said his friend on the other side of the table, "let me advise you to be a little more cautious for the future; and as for faces—you may look into them to know, whether a man's nose be a long or a short one."

CHAP. XXVIII.

He keeps his Appointment.

THE last night's raillery of his companions was recalled to his remembrance when he awoke, and the colder homilies of prudence began to suggest some things which were nowise favourable for a performance of his promise to the unfortunate female he had met with before. He rose uncertain of his purpose; but the torpor of such considerations was seldom prevalent over the warmth of his nature. He walked some turns backwards and forwards in his room; he recalled the languid form of the fainting wretch to his mind; he wept at the recollection of her tears. "Though I am the vilest of beings, I have not forgotten every virtue; gratitude, I hope, I shall

still have left."—He took a larger stride —" Powers of mercy that surround me!" cried he, " do ye not smile upon deeds like these? to calculate the chances of deception is too tedious a business for the life of man."—The clock struck ten! —When he had got down stairs, he found that he had forgot the note of her lodgings; he gnawed his lips at the delay: he was fairly on the pavement, when he recollected having left his purse; he did but just prevent himself from articulating an imprecation. He rushed a second time up into his chamber. " What a wretch I am," said he; " ere this time perhaps"— 'Twas a perhaps not to be borne;—two vibrations of a pendulum would have served him to lock his bureau;—but they could not be spared.

When he reached the house, and inquired for Miss Atkins, (for that was the lady's name,) he was shown up three pair of stairs into a small room lighted by one

narrow lattice, and patched round with shreds of different-coloured paper. In the darkest corner stood something like a bed, before which a tattered coverlet hung by way of curtain. He had not waited long when she appeared. Her face had the glister of new-washed tears on it. "I am ashamed, Sir," said she, "that you should have taken this fresh piece of trouble about one so little worthy of it; but, to the humane, I know there is a pleasure in goodness for its own sake: if you have patience for the recital of my story, it may palliate, though it cannot excuse, my faults." Harley bowed, as a sign of assent; and she began as follows:

"I am the daughter of an officer, whom a service of forty years had advanced no higher than to the rank of captain. I have had hints from himself, and been informed by others, that it was in some measure owing to those principles of rigid honour, which it was his boast to possess, and which

he early inculcated on me, that he had been able to arrive at no better station. My mother died when I was a child; old enough to grieve for her death, but incapable of remembering her precepts. Though my father was doatingly fond of her, yet there were some sentiments in which they materially differed: she had been bred from her infancy in the strictest principles of religion, and took the morality of her conduct from the motives which an adherence to those principles suggested. My father, who had been in the army from his youth, affixed an idea of pusillanimity to that virtue, which was formed by the doctrines, excited by the rewards, or guarded by the terrors of revelation; his darling idol was the honour of a soldier; a term which he held in such reverence, that he used it for his most sacred asseveration. When my mother died, I was for some time suffered to continue in those sentiments which her instructions

had produced; but soon after, though, from respect to her memory, my father did not absolutely ridicule them, yet he shewed, in his discourse to others, so little regard to them, and at times suggested to me motives of action so different, that I was soon weaned from opinions, which I began to consider as the dreams of superstition, or the artful inventions of designing hypocrisy. My mother's books were left behind at the different quarters we removed to, and my reading was principally confined to plays, novels, and those poetical descriptions of the beauty of virtue and honour, which the circulating libraries easily afforded.

"As I was generally reckoned handsome, and the quickness of my parts extolled by all our visitors, my father had a pride in showing me to the world. I was young, giddy, open to adulation, and vain of those talents which acquired it.

"After the last war, my father was re-

duced to half-pay; with which we retired to a village in the country, which the acquaintance of some genteel families who resided in it, and the cheapness of living, particularly recommended. My father rented a small house, with a piece of ground sufficient to keep a horse for him, and a cow for the benefit of his family. An old man-servant managed his ground; while a maid, who had formerly been my mother's, and had since been mine, undertook the care of our little dairy: they were assisted in each of their provinces by my father and me; and we passed our time in a state of tranquillity, which he had always talked of with delight, and which my train of reading had taught me to admire.

"Though I had never seen the polite circles of the metropolis, the company my ather had introduced me into had given me a degree of good-breeding, which soon discovered a superiority over the young

ladies of our village. I was quoted as an example of politeness, and my company courted by most of the considerable families in the neighbourhood.

" Amongst the houses to which I was frequently invited, was Sir George Winbrooke's. He had two daughters nearly of my age, with whom, though they had been bred up in those maxims of vulgar doctrine, which my superior understanding could not but despise, yet as their good-nature led them to an imitation of my manners in every thing else, I cultivated a particular friendship.

" Some months after our first acquaintance, Sir George's eldest son came home from his travels. His figure, his address, and conversation, were not unlike those warm ideas of an accomplished man which my favourite novels had taught me to form; and his sentiments on the article of religion were as liberal as my own: when any of these happened to be the topic of our dis-

course, I, who before had been silent, from a fear of being single in opposition, now kindled at the fire he raised, and defended our mutual opinions with all the eloquence I was mistress of. He would be respectfully attentive all the while; and when I had ended, would raise his eyes from the ground, look at me with a gaze of admiration, and express his applause in the highest strain of encomium. This was an incense the more pleasing, as I seldom or never had met with it before; for the young gentlemen who visited Sir George were for the most part of that common race of country squires, the pleasure of whose lives is derived from fox-hunting: these are seldom solicitous to please the women at all; or if they were, would never think of applying their flattery to the mind.

" Mr Winbrooke observed the weakness of my soul, and took every occasion of improving the esteem he had gained.

He asked my opinion of every author, of every sentiment, with that submissive diffidence, which shewed an unlimited confidence in my understanding. I saw myself revered, as a superior being, by one whose judgment my vanity told me was not likely to err: preferred by him to all the other visitors of my sex, whose fortunes and rank should have entitled them to a much higher degree of notice: I saw their little jealousies at the distinguished attention he paid me; it was gratitude, it was pride, it was love! love, which had made too fatal a progress in my heart, before any declaration on his part should have warranted a return: but I interpreted every look of attention, every expression of compliment, to the passion I imagined him inspired with, and imputed to his sensibility that silence which was the effect of art and design. At length, however, he took an opportunity of declaring his love: he now expressed himself in such

ardent terms, that prudence might have suspected their sincerity: but prudence is rarely found in the situation I had been unguardedly led into; besides, that the course of reading to which I had been accustomed, did not lead me to conclude, that his expressions could be too warm to be sincere: nor was I even alarmed at the manner in which he talked of marriage, a subjection, he often hinted, to which genuine love should scorn to be confined. The woman, he would often say, who had merit like mine to fix his affection, could easily command it for ever. That honour, too, which I revered, was often called in to enforce his sentiments. I did not, however, absolutely assent to them; but I found my regard for their opposites diminish by degrees. If it is dangerous to be convinced, it is dangerous to listen; for our reason is so much of a machine, that it will not always be able to resist, when the ear is perpetually assailed.

" In short, Mr Harley, (for I tire you with a relation, the catastrophe of which you will already have imagined,) I fell a prey to his artifices. He had not been able so thoroughly to convert me, that my conscience was silent on the subject; but he was so assiduous to give repeated proofs of unabated affection, that I hushed its suggestions as they rose. The world, however, I knew, was not to be silenced; and therefore I took occasion to express my uneasiness to my seducer, and entreat him, as he valued the peace of one to whom he professed such attachment, to remove it by a marriage. He made excuses from his dependence on the will of his father, but quieted my fears by the promise of endeavouring to win his assent.

" My father had been some days absent on a visit to a dying relation, from whom he had considerable expectations. I was left at home, with no other company than my books: my books I found were not

now such companions as they used to be; I was restless, melancholy, unsatisfied with myself. But judge my situation when I received a billet from Mr Winbrooke, informing me, that he had sounded Sir George on the subject we had talked of, and found him so averse to any match so unequal to his own rank and fortune, that he was obliged, with whatever reluctance, to bid adieu to a place, the remembrance of which should ever be dear to him.

"I read this letter a hundred times over. Alone, helpless, conscious of guilt, and abandoned by every better thought, my mind was one motley scene of terror, confusion, and remorse. A thousand expedients suggested themselves, and a thousand fears told me they would be vain: at last, in an agony of despair, I packed up a few clothes, took what money and trinkets were in the house, and set out for London, whither I understood he was gone; pretending to my maid, that I had

received letters from my father requiring my immediate attendance. I had no other companion than a boy, a servant to the man from whom I hired my horses. I arrived in London within an hour of Mr Winbrooke, and accidentally alighted at the very inn where he was.

" He started and turned pale when he saw me; but recovered himself in time enough to make many new protestations of regard, and beg me to make myself easy under a disappointment which was equally afflicting to him. He procured me lodgings, where I slept, or rather endeavoured to sleep, for that night. Next morning I saw him again; he then mildly observed on the imprudence of my precipitate flight from the country, and proposed my removing to lodgings at another end of the town, to elude the search of my father, till he should fall upon some method of excusing my conduct to him, and reconciling him to my return. We

took a hackney-coach, and drove to the house he mentioned.

"It was situated in a dirty lane, furnished with a tawdry affectation of finery, with some old family pictures hanging in walls which their own cobwebs would [illegible]

alone. He lost by degrees that restraint which I perceived too well to hang about him before, and, with his former gaiety and good-humour, repeated the flattering things, which, though they had once been fatal, I durst not now distrust. At last, taking my hand and kissing it, "It is thus," said he, "that love will last, while freedom is preserved; thus let us ever be blest, without the galling thought that we are tied to a condition where we may cease to be so." I answered, "That the world thought otherwise; that it had certain ideas of good fame, which it was impossible not to wish to maintain." "The world," said he, "is a tyrant; they are slaves who obey it: let us be happy without the pale of the world. To-morrow I shall leave this quarter of it, for one where the talkers of the world shall be foiled, and lose us. Could not my Emily accompany me? my friend, my companion, the mistress of my soul! Nay, do not look so,

Emily! your father may grieve for a while, but your father shall be taken care of; this bank-bill I intend as the comfort for his daughter."

"I could contain myself no longer: "Wretch!" I exclaimed, "dost thou imagine that my father's heart could brook dependence on the destroyer of his child, and tamely accept of a base equivalent for her honour and his own?" "Honour, my Emily," said he, "is the word of fools, or of those wiser men who cheat them. 'Tis a fantastic bauble, that does not suit the gravity of your father's age; but, whatever it is, I am afraid it can never be perfectly restored to you: exchange the word then, and let pleasure be your object now." At these words he clasped me in his arms, and pressed his lips rudely to my bosom. I started from my seat. "Perfidious villain!" said I, "who dar'st insult the weakness thou hast undone; were that father here, thy coward soul

would shrink from the vengeance of his honour! Curst be that wretch who has deprived him of it! oh! doubly curst, who has dragged on his hoary head the infamy which should have crushed her own!" I snatched a knife which lay beside me, and would have plunged it in my breast; but the monster prevented my purpose, and smiling with a grin of barbarous insult, "Madam," said he, "I confess you are too much in heroics for me: I am sorry we should differ about trifles; but as I seem somehow to have offended you, I would willingly remedy it by taking my leave. You have been put to some foolish expence in this jonrney on my account; allow me to reimburse you." So saying, he laid a bank-bill, of what amount I had no patience to see, upon the table. Shame, grief, and indignation, choked my utterance; unable to speak my wrongs, and unable to bear them in silence, I fell in a swoon at his feet.

"What happened in the interval I cannot tell; but when I came to myself, I was in the arms of the landlady, with her niece chafing my temples, and doing all in her power for my recovery. She had much compassion in her countenance: the old woman assumed the softest look she was capable of, and both endeavoured to bring me comfort. They continued to show me many civilities, and even the aunt began to be less disagreeable in my sight. To the wretched, to the forlorn, as I was, small offices of kindness are endearing.

"Mean time my money was far spent, nor did I attempt to conceal my wants from their knowledge. I had frequent thoughts of returning to my father; but the dread of a life of scorn is insurmountable. I avoided therefore going abroad when I had a chance of being seen by any former acquaintance, nor indeed did my health for a great while permit it; and

suffered the old woman, at her own suggestion, to call me niece at home, where we now and then saw (when they could prevail on me to leave my room) one or two other elderly women, and sometimes a grave business-like man, who shewed great compassion for my indisposition, and made me very obligingly an offer of a room at his country-house for the recovery of my health. This offer I did not chuse to accept; but told my landlady, "that I should be glad to be employed in any way of business which my skill in needlework could recommend me to; confessing, at the same time, that I was afraid I should scarce be able to pay her what I already owed for board and lodging; and that for her other good offices, I had nothing but thanks to give her."

"My dear child," said she, "do not talk of paying; since I lost my own sweet girl, (here she wept,) your very picture she was, Miss Emily, I have nobody,

except my niece, to whom I should leave any little thing I have been able to save: you shall live with me, my dear; and I have sometimes a little millinery work, in which, when you are inclined to it, you may assist us. By the way, here are a pair of ruffles we have just finished for that gentleman you saw here at tea; a distant relation of mine, and a worthy man he is. 'Twas pity you refused the offer of an apartment at his country-house; my niece, you know, was to have accompanied you, and you might have fancied yourself at home: a most sweet place it is, and but a short mile beyond Hampstead. Who knows, Miss Emily, what effect such a visit might have had! if I had half your beauty, I should not waste it pining after e'er a worthless fellow of them all." I felt my heart swell at her words; I would have been angry if I could; but I was in that stupid state which is not easily awakened to anger: when I would have chid her,

the reproof stuck in my throat; I could only weep!

"Her want of respect increased, as I had not spirit to assert it; my work was now rather imposed than offered, and I became a drudge for the bread I eat: but my dependance and servility grew in proportion, and I was now in a situation which could not make any extraordinary exertions to disengage itself from either; I found myself with child.

"At last the wretch, who had thus trained me to destruction, hinted the purpose for which those means had been used. I discovered her to be an artful procuress for the pleasures of those, who are men of decency to the world in the midst of debauchery.

"I roused every spark of courage within me at the horrid proposal. She treated my passion at first somewhat mildly; but when I continued to exert it, she resented it with insult, and told me plainly, That

if I did not soon comply with her desires, I should pay her every farthing I owed, or rot in a jail for life. I trembled at the thought; still, however, I resisted her importunities, and she put her threats in execution. I was conveyed to prison, weak from my condition, weaker from that struggle of grief and misery which for some time I had suffered. A miscarriage was the consequence.

" Amidst all the horrors of such a state, surrounded with wretches totally callous, lost alike to humanity and to shame, think, Mr Harley, think what I endured; nor wonder that I at last yielded to the solicitations of that miscreant I had seen at her house, and sunk to the prostitution which he tempted. But that was happiness compared to what I have suffered since. He soon abandoned me to the common use of the town, and I was cast among those miserable beings in whose society I have since remained.

"Oh! did the daughters of virtue know our sufferings; did they see our hearts torn with anguish amidst the affectation of gaiety which our faces are obliged to assume! our bodies tortured by disease, our minds with that consciousness which they cannot lose! Did they know, did they think of this, Mr Harley!—their censures are just; but their pity, perhaps, might spare the wretches whom their justice should condemn.

"Last night, but for an exertion of benevolence which the infection of our infamy prevents even in the humane, I had been thrust out from this miserable place which misfortune has yet left me; exposed to the brutal insults of drunkenness, or dragged by that justice which I could not bribe, to the punishment which may correct, but, alas! can never amend, the abandoned objects of its terrors. From that, Mr Harley, your goodness has relieved me."

He beckoned with his hand: he would

have stopped the mention of his favours; but he could not speak, had it been to beg a diadem.

She saw his tears; her fortitude began to fail at the sight, when the voice of some stranger on the stairs awakened her attention. She listened for a moment; then starting up, exclaimed, "Merciful God! my father's voice!"

She had scarce uttered the word, when the door burst open, and a man entered in the garb of an officer. When he discovered his daughter and Harley, he started back a few paces; his look assumed a furious wildness! he laid his hand on his sword. The two objects of his wrath did not utter a syllable. "Villain," he cried, "thou seest a father who had once a daughter's honour to preserve; blasted as it now is, behold him ready to avenge its loss!"

Harley had by this time some power of utterance. "Sir," said he, "if you will be

a moment calm"—"Infamous coward!" interrupted the other, "dost thou preach calmness to wrongs like mine?" He drew his sword. "Sir," said Harley, "let me tell you"—The blood ran quicker to his cheek—his pulse beat one—no more—and regained the temperament of humanity.—"You are deceived, Sir," said he, "you are much deceived; but I forgive suspicions which your misfortunes have justified: I would not wrong you, upon my soul I would not, for the dearest gratification of a thousand worlds; my heart bleeds for you!"

His daughter was now prostrate at his feet. "Strike," said she, "strike here a wretch, whose misery cannot end but with that death she deserves." Her hair had fallen on her shoulders; her look had the horrid calmness of out-breathed despair! Her father would have spoken; his lip quivered, his cheek grew pale; his eyes lost the lightning of their fury! there was

a reproach in them, but with a mingling of pity! he turned them up to heaven---then on his daughter.---He laid his left hand on his heart---the sword dropped from his right---he burst into tears.

CHAP. XXIX.

The Distresses of a Father.

HARLEY kneeled also at the side of the unfortunate daughter; "Allow me, Sir," said he, "to entreat your pardon for one whose offences have been already so signally punished. I know, I feel, that those tears, wrung from the heart of a father, are more dreadful to her than all the punishments your sword could have inflicted: accept the contrition of a child, whom heaven has restored to you."--- "Is she not lost," answered he, "irrecoverably lost? Damnation! a common prostitute to the meanest ruffian!"--- "Calmly, my dear Sir," said Harley; ---"did you know by what complicated misfortunes she has fallen to that miser-

able state, in which you now behold her, I should have no need of words to excite your compassion. Think, Sir, of what once she was! Would you abandon her to the insults of an unfeeling world; deny her opportunity for penitence; and cut off the little comfort that still remains for your afflictions and her own!"---"Speak," said he, addressing himself to his daughter; "speak, I will hear thee." The desperation that supported her was lost; she fell to the ground, and bathed his feet with her tears!

Harley undertook her cause: he related the treacheries to which she had fallen a sacrifice, and again solicited the forgiveness of her father. He looked on her, for some time, in silence; the pride of a soldier's honour checked, for a while, the yearnings of his heart; but nature at last prevailed, he fell on her neck, and mingled his tears with hers.

Harley, who discovered from the dress

of the stranger, that he was just arrived from a journey, begged that they would both remove to his lodgings, till he could procure others for them. Atkins looked at him with some marks of surprise. His daughter now first recovered the power of speech; "Wretch as I am," said she, "yet there is some gratitude due to the preserver of your child. See him now before you. To him I owe my life, or at least the comfort of imploring your forgiveness before I die."—"Pardon me, young gentleman," said Atkins, "I fear my passion wronged you."—"Never, never, Sir," said Harley; "if it had, your reconciliation to your daughter were an atonement a thousand fold." He then repeated his request, that he might be allowed to conduct them to his lodgings; to which Mr Atkins at last consented. He took his daughter's arm. "Come, my Emily," said he, "we can never, never recover that happiness we have lost! but

time may teach us to remember our misfortunes with patience."

When they arrived at the house where Harley lodged, he was informed, that the first floor was then vacant, and that the gentleman and his daughter might be accommodated there. While he was upon his enquiry, Miss Atkins informed her father more particularly what she owed to his benevolence. When he returned into the room where they were, Atkins ran and embraced him; begged him again to forgive the offence he had given him, and made the warmest protestations of gratitude for his favours. We would attempt to describe the joy which Harley felt on this occasion, did it not occur to us, that one half of the world could not understand it, though we did; and the other half will, by this time, have understood it without any description at all.

Miss Atkins now retired to her chamber to take some rest, from the violence

of the emotions she had suffered. When she was gone, her father, addressing himself to Harley, said; "You have a right, Sir, to be informed of the present situation of one who owes so much to your compassion for his misfortunes. My daughter, I find, has informed you what that was at the fatal juncture when they began. Her distresses you have heard, you have pitied as they deserved; with mine, perhaps, I cannot so easily make you acquainted. You have a feeling heart, Mr Harley; I bless it that it has saved my child; but you never were a father, a father torn by that most dreadful of calamities—the dishonour of a child he doated on! You have been already informed of some of the circumstances of her elopement. I was then from home, called by the death of a relation, who, though he would never advance me a shilling, on the utmost exigency, in his lifetime, left me all the gleanings of his fru-

gality at his death. I would not write this intelligence to my daughter, because I intended to be the bearer myself; and, as soon as my business would allow me, I set out, on my return, winged with all the haste of paternal affection. I fondly built those schemes of future happiness, which present prosperity is ever busy to suggest: my Emily was concerned in them all. As I approached our little dwelling, my heart throbbed with the anticipation of joy and welcome. I imagined the cheering fire, the blissful contentment of a frugal meal, made luxurious by a daughter's smile: I painted to myself her surprise at the tidings of our new-acquired riches, our fond disputes about the disposal of them.

"The road was shortened by the dreams of happiness I enjoyed, and it began to be dark as I reached the house: I alighted from my horse, and walked softly up stairs to the room we commonly sat in.

I was somewhat disappointed at not finding my daughter there. I rung the bell; her maid appeared, and shewed no small signs of wonder at the summons. She blessed herself, as she entered the room: I smiled at her surprise. 'Where is Miss Emily, Sir?' said she.—'Emily!'—'Yes, Sir; she has been gone hence some days, upon receipt of those letters you sent her.' —'Letters!' said I.—'Yes, Sir, so she told me; and went off in all haste that very night.'

"I stood aghast, as she spoke; but was able so far to recollect myself, as to put on the affectation of calmness, and telling her there was certainly some mistake in the affair, desired her to leave me.

"When she was gone, I threw myself into a chair, in that state of uncertainty which is of all others the most dreadful. The gay visions, with which I had delighted myself, vanished in an instant: I was tortured with tracing back the same

circle of doubt and disappointment. My head grew dizzy, as I thought. I called the servant again, and asked her a hundred questions, to no purpose; there was not room even for conjecture.

"Something at last arose in my mind, which we call hope, without knowing what it is. I wished myself deluded by it; but it could not prevail over my returning fears. I arose, and walked through the room. My Emily's spinnet stood, at the end of it, open, with a book of music, folded down at some of my favourite lessons. I touched the keys; there was a vibration in the sound that froze my blood. I looked around, and methought the family-pictures on the walls gazed on me with compassion in their faces. I sat down again, with an attempt at more composure; I started at every creaking of the door, and my ears rung with imaginary noises!

"I had not remained long in this situ-

ation, when the arrival of a friend, who had accidentally heard of my return, put an end to my doubts, by the recital of my daughter's dishonour. He told me he had his information from a young gentleman, to whom Winbrooke had boasted of having seduced her.

" I started from my seat, with broken curses on my lips, and, without knowing whither I should pursue them, ordered my servant to load my pistols, and saddle my horses. My friend, however, with great difficulty, persuaded me to compose myself for that night, promising to accompany me on the morrow to Sir George Winbrooke's in quest of his son.

" The morrow came, after a night spent in a state little distant from madness. We went as early as decency would allow to Sir George's. He received me with politeness, and indeed compassion; protested his abhorrence of his son's conduct, and told me, that he had

set out some days before for London, on which place he had procured a draft for a large sum, on pretence of finishing his travels; but that he had not heard from him since his departure.

"I did not wait for any more, either of information or comfort, but, against the united remonstrances of Sir George and my friend, set out instantly for London, with a frantic uncertainty of purpose; but there all manner of search was in vain. I could trace neither of them any farther than the inn where they first put up on their arrival; and, after some days fruitless inquiry, returned home, destitute of every little hope that had hitherto supported me. The journeys I had made, the restless nights I had spent, above all, the perturbation of my mind, had the effect which naturally might be expected: a very dangerous fever was the consequence. From this, however, contrary to the expectation of my physicians, I reco-

vered. It was now that I first felt something like calmness of mind; probably from being reduced to a state which could not produce the exertions of anguish or despair. A stupid melancholy settled on my soul: I could endure to live with an apathy of life: at times, I forgot my resentment, and wept at the remembrance of my child.

"Such has been the tenor of my days since that fatal moment when these misfortunes began, till yesterday, that I received a letter from a friend in town, acquainting me of her present situation. Could such tales as mine, Mr Harley, be sometimes suggested to the daughters of levity; did they but know with what anxiety the heart of a parent flutters round the child he loves; they would be less apt to construe into harshness that delicate concern for their conduct, which they often complain of as laying restraint upon things, to the young, the gay, and

the thoughtless, seemingly harmless and indifferent. Alas! I fondly imagined, that I needed not even these common cautions! my Emily was the joy of my age, and the pride of my soul!—Those things are now no more! they are lost for ever! Her death I could have borne; but the death of her honour has added obloquy and shame to that sorrow which bends my gray hairs to the dust!"

As he spoke these last words, his voice trembled in his throat; it was now lost in his tears! He sat with his face half-turned from Harley, as if he would have hid the sorrow which he felt. Harley was in the same attitude himself; he durst not meet Atkins' eye with a tear; but gathering his stifled breath, "Let me intreat you, Sir," said he, "to hope better things. The world is ever tyrannical; it warps our sorrows to edge them with keener affliction: let us not be slaves to the names it affixes to motive or

to action. I know an ingenuous mind cannot help feeling when they sting: but there are considerations by which it may be overcome: its fantastic ideas vanish as they rise; they teach us---to look beyond it."

****

A FRAGMENT.

Shewing his Success with the Baronet.

* * * THE card he received was in the politest style in which disappointment could be communicated: the baronet "was under a necessity of giving up his application for Mr Harley, as he was informed, that the lease was engaged for a gentleman who had long served his majesty in another capacity, and whose merit had entitled him to the first lucrative thing that should be vacant." Even Harley could not murmur at such a disposal. "Perhaps," said he to himself, "some war-worn officer, who, like poor Atkins, had been neglected from reasons which merited the highest advancement; whose

honour could not stoop to solicit the preferment he deserved; perhaps, with a family, taught the principles of delicacy, without the means of supporting it; a wife and children----gracious heaven! whom my wishes would have deprived of bread!"——

He was interrupted in his reverie by some one tapping him on the shoulder; and, on turning round, he discovered it to be the very man who had explained to him the condition of his gay companion at Hydepark-corner. "I am glad to see you, Sir," said he; "I believe we are fellows in disappointment." Harley started, and said, that he was at a loss to understand him. "Poh! you need not be so shy;" answered the other, "every one for himself is but fair, and I had much rather you had got it than the rascally gauger." Harley still protested his ignorance of what he meant. "Why, the lease of Bancroft-manor: had not you

been applying for it?"—"I confess I was," replied Harley; "but I cannot conceive how you should be interested in the matter."—"Why, I was making interest for it myself," said he, "and I think I had some title: I voted for this same baronet at the last election, and made some of my friends do so too; though I would not have you imagine that I sold my vote; no, I scorn it, let me tell you, I scorn it; but I thought as how this man was staunch and true, and I find he's but a double-faced fellow after all, and speechifies in the House for any side he hopes to make most by. Oh! how many fine speeches, and squeezings by the hand, we had of him on the canvas!—'And if ever I shall be so happy as to have an opportunity of serving you;'—a murrain on the smooth-tongued knave! and after all to get it for this pimp of a gauger."—"The gauger! there must be some mistake," said Harley; "he writes me, that it was en-

gaged for one, whose long services"—"Services!" interrupted the other, "you shall hear. Services! Yes, his sister arrived in town a few days ago, and is now sempstress to the baronet. A plague on all rogues! says honest Sam Wrightson: I shall but just drink damnation to them to-night, in a crown's worth of Ashley's, and leave London to-morrow by sunrise."—"I shall leave it too," said Harley; and so he accordingly did.

In passing through Piccadilly, he had observed, on the window of an inn, a notification of the departure of a stage-coach for a place in his road homewards; in the way back to his lodgings, he took a seat in it for his return.

CHAP. XXXIII.

He leaves London.—Characters in a Stage-Coach.

THE company in the stage-coach consisted of a grocer and his wife, who were going to pay a visit to some of their country friends; a young officer, who took this way of marching to quarters; a middle-aged gentlewoman, who had been hired as housekeeper to some family in the country; and an elderly well-looking man, with a remarkable old-fashioned periwig.

Harley, upon entering, discovered but one vacant seat, next the grocer's wife, which, from his natural shyness of temper, he made no scruple to occupy, however

aware that being driven backwards always disagreed with him.

Though his inclination to physiognomy had met with some rubs in the metropolis, he had not yet lost his attachment to that science: he set himself, therefore, to examine, as usual, the countenances of his companions. Here, indeed, he was not long in doubt, as to the preference; for, besides that the elderly gentleman, who sat opposite to him, had features by nature more expressive of good dispositions, there was something in that periwig we mentioned, peculiarly attractive of Harley's regard.

He had not been long employed in these speculations, when he found himself attacked with that faintish sickness, which was the natural consequence of his situation in the coach. The paleness of his countenance was first observed by the housekeeper, who immediately made offer of her smelling-bottle, which Harley,

however, declined, telling, at the same time, the cause of his uneasiness. The gentleman on the opposite side of the coach now first turned his eye from the side-direction in which it had been fixed, and begged Harley to exchange places with him, expressing his regret that he had not made the proposal before. Harley thanked him, and, upon being assured that both seats were alike to him, was about to accept of his offer, when the young gentleman of the sword, putting on an arch look, laid hold of the other's arm. "So, my old boy," said he, "I find you have still some youthful blood about you, but, with your leave, I will do myself the honour of sitting by this lady;" and took his place accordingly. The grocer stared him as full in the face as his own short neck would allow; and his wife, who was a little round-faced woman with a great deal of colour in her cheeks, drew up at the compliment that was paid

her, looking first at the officer, and then at the housekeeper.

This incident was productive of some discourse; for before, though there was sometimes a cough or a hem from the grocer, and the officer now and then humm'd a few notes of a song, there had not a single word passed the lips of any of the company.

Mrs Grocer observed, how ill-convenient it was for people, who could not bear to ride backwards, to travel in a stage. This brought on a dissertation on stage-coaches in general, and the pleasure of keeping a chay of one's own; which led to another, on the great riches of Mr Deputy Bear-skin, who, according to her, had once been of that industrious order of youths who sweep the crossings of the streets for the conveniency of passengers, but, by various fortunate accidents, had now acquired an immense fortune, and kept his coach and a dozen livery-servants. All

this afforded ample fund for conversation, if conversation it might be called, that was carried on solely by the before-mentioned lady, nobody offering to interrupt her, except that the officer sometimes signified his approbation by a variety of oaths, a sort of phraseology in which he seemed extremely conversant. She appealed indeed frequently to her husband for the authenticity of certain facts, of which the good man as often protested his total ignorance; but as he was always called fool, or something very like it, for his pains, he at last contrived to support the credit of his wife without prejudice to his conscience, and signified his assent by a noise not unlike the grunting of that animal which in shape and fatness he somewhat resembled.

The housekeeper, and the old gentleman who sat next to Harley, were now observed to be fast asleep; at which the lady, who had been at such pains to entertain them, muttered some words of dis-

pleasure, and, upon the officer's whispering to smoke the old put, both she and her husband pursed up their mouths into a contemptuous smile. Harley looked sternly on the grocer: "You are come, Sir," said he, "to those years when you might have learned some reverence for age: as for this young man, who has so lately escaped from the nursery, he may be allowed to divert himself." "Damme, Sir," said the officer, "do you call me young?" striking up the front of his hat, and stretching forward on his seat, till his face almost touched Harley's. It is probable, however, that he discovered something there which tended to pacify him; for, on the lady's entreating them not to quarrel, he very soon resumed his posture and calmness together, and was rather less profuse of his oaths during the rest of the journey.

It is possible the old gentleman had waked time enough to hear the last part of this discourse; at least (whether from

that cause, or that he too was a physiognomist) he wore a look remarkably complacent to Harley, who, on his part, shewed a particular observance of him: indeed they had soon a better opportunity of making their acquaintance, as the coach arrived that night at the town where the officer's regiment lay, and the places of destination of their other fellow-travellers, it seems, were at no great distance; for next morning the old gentleman and Harley were the only passengers remaining.

When they left the inn in the morning, Harley, pulling out a little pocket-book, began to examine the contents, and make some corrections with a pencil. "This," said he, turning to his companion, "is an amusement with which I sometimes pass idle hours at an inn: these are quotations from those humble poets, who trust their fame to the brittle tenure of windows and drinking-glasses." "From our inns," returned the gentleman, "a stranger might

imagine that we were a nation of poets; machines at least containing poetry, which the motion of a journey emptied of their contents: is it from the vanity of being thought geniuses, or a mere mechanical imitation of the custom of others, that we are tempted to scrawl rhyme upon such places?"

"Whether vanity is the cause of our becoming rhymesters or not," answered Harley, "it is a pretty certain effect of it. An old man of my acquaintance, who dealt in apophthegms, used to say, That he had known few men without envy, few wits without ill-nature, and no poet without vanity; and I believe his remark is a pretty just one: vanity has been immemorially the charter of poets. In this the ancients were more honest than we are: the old poets frequently make boastful predictions of the immortality their works will obtain for them; ours, in their dedications and prefatory discourses, employ

much eloquence to praise their patrons, and much seeming honesty to condemn themselves, or at least to apologize for their productions to the world: but this, in my opinion, is the more assuming manner of the two; for of all the garbs I ever saw Pride put on, that of her humility is to me the most disgusting."

"It is natural enough for a poet to be vain," said the stranger: "the little worlds which he raises, the inspiration which he claims, may easily be productive of self-importance; though that inspiration is fabulous, it brings on egotism, which is always the parent of vanity."

"It may be supposed," answered Harley, "that inspiration of old was an article of religious faith; in modern times it may be translated, a propensity to compose; and I believe it is not always most readily found where the poets have fixed its residence, amidst groves and plains, and the scenes of pastoral retirement. The mind

may be there unbent from the cares of the world; but it will frequently, at the same time, be unnerved from any great exertion: it will feel the languor of indolence, and wander without effort over the regions of reflection."

"There is at least," said the stranger, "one advantage in the poetical inclination, that it is an incentive to philanthropy. There is a certain poetic ground, on which a man cannot tread without feelings that enlarge the heart: the causes of human depravity vanish before the romantic enthusiasm he professes, and many who are not able to reach the Parnassian heights, may yet approach so near as to be bettered by the air of the climate."

"I have always thought so," replied Harley; "but this is an argument with the prudent against it: they urge the danger of unfitness for the world."

"I allow it," returned the other; "but I believe it is not always rightfully impu-

ted to the bent for poetry: that is only one effect of the common cause.—Jack, says his father, is indeed no scholar; nor could all the drubbings from his master ever bring him one step forward in his accidence or syntax: but I intend him for a merchant.—Allow the same indulgence to Tom.—Tom reads Virgil and Horace when he should be casting accounts; and but t'other day he pawned his great-coat for an edition of Shakespeare.—But Tom would have been as he is, though Virgil and Horace had never been born, though Shakespeare had died a link-boy; for his nurse will tell you, that when he was a child, he broke his rattle, to discover what it was that sounded within it; and burnt the sticks of his go-cart, because he liked to see the sparkling of timber in the fire. —'Tis a sad case; but what is to be done?—Why, Jack shall make a fortune, dine on venison, and drink claret.—Ay, but Tom—Tom shall dine with his bro-

ther, when his pride will let him; at other times, he shall bless God over a half-pint of ale and a Welsh-rabbit; and both shall go to heaven as they may.---That's a poor prospect for Tom, says the father.---To go to heaven! I cannot agree with him."

"Perhaps," said Harley, "we now-a-days discourage the romantic turn a little too much. Our boys are prudent too soon. Mistake me not, I do not mean to blame them for want of levity or dissipation; but their pleasures are those of hackneyed vice, blunted to every finer emotion by the repetition of debauch; and their desire of pleasure is warped to the desire of wealth, as the means of procuring it. The immense riches acquired by individuals have erected a standard of ambition, destructive of private morals, and of public virtue. The weaknesses of vice are left us; but the most allowable of our failings we are taught to despise. Love, the passion most natural to the sensibility of

youth, has lost the plaintive dignity it once possessed, for the unmeaning simper of a dangling coxcomb; and the only serious concern, that of a dowry, is settled, even amongst the beardless leaders of the dancing-school. The Frivolous and the Interested (might a satirist say) are the characteristical features of the age; they are visible even in the essays of our philosophers. They laugh at the pedantry of our fathers, who complained of the times in which they lived; they are at pains to persuade us how much those were deceived; they pride themselves in defending things as they find them, and in exploding the barren sounds which had been reared into motives for action. To this their style is suited; and the manly tone of reason is exchanged for perpetual efforts at sneer and ridicule. This I hold to be an alarming crisis in the corruption of a state; when not only is virtue declined, and vice prevailing, but when the praises of virtue

are forgotten, and the infamy of vice unfelt."

They soon after arrived at the next inn upon the route of the stage-coach, when the stranger told Harley, that his brother's house, to which he was returning, lay at no great distance, and he must therefore unwillingly bid him adieu.

"I should like," said Harley, taking his hand, "to have some word to remember so much seeming worth by: my name is Harley."---"I shall remember it," answered the old gentleman, "in my prayers; mine is Silton."

And Silton indeed it was! Ben Silton himself! Once more, my honoured friend, farewell!—Born to be happy without the world, to that peaceful happiness which the world has not to bestow! Envy never scowled on thy life, nor hatred smiled on thy grave.

CHAP. XXXIV.

He meets an old acquaintance.

When the stage-coach arrived at the place of its destination, Harley began to consider how he should proceed the remaining part of his journey. He was very civilly accosted by the master of the inn, who offered to accommodate him either with a post-chaise or horses, to any distance he had a mind; but as he did things frequently in a way different from what other people call natural, he refused these offers, and set out immediately a-foot, having first put a spare shirt in his pocket, and given directions for the forwarding of his portmanteau. This was a method of travelling which he was accustomed to take; it saved the trouble of provision

for any animal but himself, and left him at liberty to chuse his quarters, either at an inn, or at the first cottage in which he saw a face he liked: nay, when he was not peculiarly attracted by the reasonable creation, he would sometimes consort with a species of inferior rank, and lay himself down to sleep by the side of a rock, or on the banks of a rivulet. He did few things without a motive, but his motives were rather eccentric: and the usual and expedient were terms which he held to be very indefinite, and which, therefore, he did not always apply to the sense in which they are commonly understood.

The sun was now in his decline, and the evening remarkably serene, when he entered a hollow part of the road, which winded between the surrounding banks, and seamed the sward in different lines, as the choice of travellers had directed them to tread it. It seemed to be little frequented now, for some of those had partly recover-

ed their former verdure. The scene was such as induced Harley to stand and enjoy it; when, turning round, his notice was attracted by an object, which the fixture of his eye on the spot he walked had before prevented him from observing.

An old man, who, from his dress, seemed to have been a soldier, lay fast asleep on the ground; a knapsack rested on a stone at his right hand, while his staff and brass-hilted sword were crossed at his left.

Harley looked on him with the most earnest attention. He was one of those figures which Salvator would have drawn; nor was the surrounding scenery unlike the wildness of that painter's back-grounds. The banks on each side were covered with fantastic shrub-wood, and at a little distance, on the top of one of them, stood a finger-post, to mark the directions of two roads which diverged from the point where it was placed. A rock, with some dangling wild flowers, jutted out above where

the soldier lay; on which grew the stump of a large tree, white with age, and a single twisted branch shaded his face as he slept. His face had the marks of manly comeliness impaired by time; his forehead was not altogether bald, but its hairs might have been numbered; while a few white locks behind crossed the brown of his neck with a contrast the most venerable to a mind like Harley's. "Thou art old," said he to himself; "but age has not brought thee rest for its infirmities: I fear those silver hairs have not found shelter from thy country, though that neck has been bronzed in its service." The stranger waked. He looked at Harley with the appearance of some confusion: it was a pain the latter knew too well to think of causing in another; he turned and went on. The old man re-adjusted his knapsack, and followed in one of the tracks on the opposite side of the road.

When Harley heard the tread of his feet

behind him, he could not help stealing back a glance at his fellow-traveller. He seemed to bend under the weight of his knapsack; he halted in his walk, and one of his arms was supported by a sling, and lay motionless across his breast. He had that steady look of sorrow, which indicates that its owner has gazed upon his griefs till he has forgotten to lament them; yet not without those streaks of complacency, which a good mind will sometimes throw into the countenance, through all the incumbent load of its depression.

He had now advanced nearer to Harley, and, with an uncertain sort of voice, begged to know what it was o'clock; "I fear," said he, "sleep has beguiled me of my time, and I shall hardly have light enough left to carry me to the end of my journey." "Father!" said Harley, (who by this time found the romantic enthusiasm rising within him,) "how far do you mean to go?" "But a little way, Sir,"

returned the other; "and indeed it is but a little way I can manage now: 'tis just four miles from the height to the village, whither I am going." "I am going thither too," said Harley; "we may make the road shorter to each other. You seem to have served your country, Sir, to have served it hardly too; 'tis a character I have the highest esteem for.—I would not be impertinently inquisitive; but there is that in your appearance which excites my curiosity to know something more of you: in the mean time, suffer me to carry that knapsack."

The old man gazed on him; a tear stood in his eye! "Young gentleman," said he, "you are too good; may Heaven bless you for an old man's sake, who has nothing but his blessing to give! but my knapsack is so familiar to my shoulders, that I should walk the worse for wanting it; and it would be troublesome to you, who have not been used to its

as paid my debts and saved me from a jail: I thank God I wronged no man, and the world could never charge me with dishonesty.

"Had you seen us, Mr Harley, when we were turned out of South-hill, I am sure you would have wept at the sight. You remember old Trusty, my shag house-dog; I shall never forget it while I live; the poor creature was blind with age, and could scarce crawl after us to the door: he went, however, as far as the gooseberry-bush, which you may remember stood on the left side of the yard; he was wont to bask in the sun there: when he had reached that spot, he stopped; we went on: I called to him; he wagged his tail, but did not stir: I called again; he lay down: I whistled, and cried Trusty; he gave a short howl, and died!—I could have lain down and died too; but God gave me strength to live for my children."

The old man now paused a moment to

our former farm, and thought no harm in doing so now; when, one day, having sprung a covey of partridges, in our own ground, the dog, of his own accord, followed them into the justice's. My son laid down his gun, and went after his dog to bring him back: the game-keeper, who had marked the birds, came up, and, seeing the pointer, shot him, just as my son approached. The creature fell: my son ran up to him: he died, with a complaining sort of cry, at his master's feet. Jack could bear it no longer, but, flying at the game-keeper, wrenched his gun out of his hand, and, with the butt end of it, felled him to the ground.

"He had scarce got home, when a constable came with a warrant, and dragged him to prison; there he lay, for the justices would not take bail, till he was tried at the quarter-sessions for the assault and battery. His fine was hard upon us to pay; we contrived, however, to live

the worse for it, and make up the loss by our frugality. But the justice was not content with that punishment, and soon after had an opportunity of punishing us indeed.

" An officer, with press-orders, came down to our country, and, having met with the justices, agreed, that they should pitch on a certain number, who could most easily be spared from the county, of whom he would take care to clear it: my son's name was in the justices' list.

" 'Twas on a Christmas eve, and the birth-day, too, of my son's little boy. The night was piercing cold, and it blew a storm, with showers of hail and snow. We had made up a cheering fire in an inner room; I sat before it in my wicker-chair, blessing Providence, that had still left a shelter for me and my children. My son's two little ones were holding their gambols around us; my heart warmed at the sight: I brought a bottle of my best

ale, and all our misfortunes were forgotten.

"It had long been our custom to play a game at blind-man's-buff on that night, and it was not omitted now; so to it we fell, I, and my son, and his wife, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, who happened to be with us at the time, the two children, and an old maid-servant, who had lived with me from a child. The lot fell on my son to be blindfolded. We had continued some time at our game, when he groped his way into an outer room, in pursuit of some of us, who, he imagined, had taken shelter there; we kept snug in our places, and enjoyed his mistake. He had not been long there, when he was suddenly seized from behind; 'I shall have you now,' said he, and turned about. 'Shall you so, master?' answered the ruffian, who had laid hold of him; 'we shall make you play at another sort of game by and by.'—

At these words, Harley started with a convulsive sort of motion, and, grasping Edwards' sword, drew it half out of the scabbard, with a look of the most frantic wildness. Edwards gently replaced it in its sheath, and went on with his relation.

"On hearing these words in a strange voice, we all rushed out to discover the cause; the room, by this time, was almost full of the gang. My daughter-in-law fainted at the sight; the maid and I ran to assist her, while my poor son remained motionless, gazing by turns on his children and their mother. We soon recovered her to life, and begged her to retire, and wait the issue of the affair; but she flew to her husband, and clung round him in an agony of terror and grief.

"In the gang was one of a smoother aspect, whom, by his dress, we discovered to be a serjeant of foot: he came up

to me, and told me, that my son had his choice of the sea or land service, whispering, at the same time, that, if he chose the land, he might get off, on procuring him another man, and paying a certain sum for his freedom. The money we could just muster up in the house, by the assistance of the maid, who produced, in a green bag, all the little savings of her service; but the man we could not expect to find. My daughter-in-law gazed upon her children, with a look of the wildest despair. 'My poor infants!' said she, 'your father is forced from you: who shall now labour for your bread? or must your mother beg for herself and you?' I prayed her to be patient; but comfort I had none to give her. At last, calling the serjeant aside, I asked him, 'If I was too old to be accepted in place of my son?'— 'Why, I don't know,' said he; 'you are rather old to be sure, but yet the money may do much.' I put the money in his

hand; and coming back to my children, 'Jack,' said I, 'you are free; live to give your wife and these little ones bread; I will go, my child, in your stead: I have but little life to lose, and if I staid, I should add one to the wretches you left behind.'—'No,' replied my son, 'I am not that coward you imagine me; Heaven forbid, that my father's gray hairs should be so exposed, while I sat idle at home; I am young, and able to endure much, and God will take care of you and my family.'—'Jack,' said I, 'I will put an end to this matter; you have never hitherto disobeyed me; I will not be contradicted in this: stay at home, I charge you, and, for my sake, be kind to my children.'

"Our parting, Mr Harley, I cannot describe to you; it was the first time we ever had parted: the very press-gang could scarce keep from tears; but the serjeant, who had seemed the softest before, was now the least moved of them all. He

conducted me to a party of new-raised recruits, who lay at a village in the neighbourhood; and we soon after joined the regiment. I had not been long with it, when we were ordered to the East-Indies, where I was soon made a serjeant, and might have picked up some money, if my heart had been as hard as some others were; but my nature was never of that kind, that could think of getting rich at the expence of my conscience.

"Amongst our prisoners was an old Indian, whom some of our officers supposed to have a treasure hidden somewhere; which is no uncommon practice in that country. They pressed him to discover it. He declared he had none; but that would not satisfy them: so they ordered him to be tied to a stake, and suffer fifty lashes every morning, till he should learn to speak out, as they said. Oh! Mr Harley, had you seen him, as I did, with his hands bound behind him,

suffering in silence, while the big drops trickled down his shrivelled cheeks, and wet his gray beard, which some of the inhuman soldiers plucked in scorn! I could not bear it, I could not for my soul; and one morning, when the rest of the guard were out of the way, I found means to let him escape. I was tried by a court-martial for negligence on my post, and ordered, in compassion of my age, and having got this wound in my arm, and that in my leg, in the service, only to suffer three hundred lashes, and be turned out of the regiment; but my sentence was mitigated, as to the lashes, and I had only two hundred. When I had suffered these, I was turned out of the camp, and had betwixt three and four hundred miles to travel before I could reach a sea port, without guide to conduct me, or money to buy me provisions by the way. I set out, however, resolved to walk as far as I could, and then to lay myself down and

die. But I had scarce gone a mile, when I was met by the Indian whom I had delivered. He pressed me in his arms, and kissed the marks of the lashes on my back a thousand times; he led me to a little hut, where some friend of his dwelt; and, after I was recovered of my wounds, conducted me so far on my journey himself, and sent another Indian to guide me through the rest. When we parted, he pulled out a purse with two hundred pieces of gold in it:—'Take this,' said he, 'my dear preserver, it is all I have been able to procure.' I begged him not to bring himself to poverty for my sake, who should probably have no need of it long; but he insisted on my accepting it. He embraced me. 'You are an Englishman,' said he, 'but the Great Spirit has given you an Indian heart; may he bear up the weight of your old age, and blunt the arrow that brings it rest!' We parted, and not long

after I made shift to get my passage to England. 'Tis but about a week since I landed, and I am going to end my days in the arms of my son. This sum may be of use to him and his children; 'tis all the value I put upon it. I thank Heaven, I never was covetous of wealth; I never had much, but was always so happy as to be content with my little."—

When Edwards had ended his relation, Harley stood a while looking at him in silence; at last he pressed him in his arms, and when he had given vent to the fulness of his heart by a shower of tears, "Edwards," said he, "let me hold thee to my bosom; let me imprint the virtue of thy sufferings on my soul. Come, my honoured veteran! let me endeavour to soften the last days of a life, worn out in the service of humanity: call me also thy son, and let me cherish thee as a father." Edwards, from whom the recollection of his

own sufferings had scarce forced a tear, now blubbered like a boy; he could not speak his gratitude, but by some short exclamations of blessings upon Harley.

CHAP. XXXV.

He misses an old Acquaintance.—An Adventure consequent upon it.

WHEN they had arrived within a little way of the village they journeyed to, Harley stopped short, and looked stedfastly on the mouldering walls of a ruined house that stood on the road-side. "Oh, heavens!" he cried, "what do I see! silent, unroofed, and desolate! Are all the gay tenants gone? Do I hear their hum no more? Edwards, look there, look there! the scene of my infant joys, my earliest friendships, laid waste and ruinous! That was the very school where I was boarded when you were at South-hill; 'tis but a twelvemonth since I saw it

standing, and its benches filled with little cherubs: that opposite side of the road was the green on which they sported; see it now ploughed up! I would have given fifty times its value to have saved it from the sacrilege of that plough."

"Dear Sir," replied Edwards, "perhaps they have left it from choice, and may have got another spot as good." —"They cannot," said Harley, "they cannot; I shall never see the sward covered with its daisies, nor pressed by the dance of the dear innocents: I shall never see that stump decked with the garlands which their little hands had gathered. These two long stones, which now lie at the foot of it, were once the supports of a hut I myself assisted to rear: I have sat on the sods within it, when we had spread our banquet of apples before us, and been more blest—Oh! Edwards! infinitely more blest than ever I shall be again."

Just then a woman passed them on the

road, and discovered some signs of wonder at the attitude of Harley, who stood, with his hands folded together, looking with a moistened eye on the fallen pillars of the hut. He was too much entranced in thought to observe her at all; but Edwards civilly accosting her, desired to know, if that had not been the school-house, and how it came into the condition in which they now saw it? "Alack a day!" said she, "it was the school-house indeed; but to be sure, Sir, the squire has pulled it down, because it stood in the way of his prospects."—"What! how! prospects! pulled down!" cried Harley. "Yes, to be sure, Sir; and the green, where the children used to play, he has ploughed up, because, he said, they hurt his fence on the other side of it."—"Curses on his narrow heart," cried Harley, "that could violate a right so sacred! Heaven blast the wretch!

" And from his derogate body never spring
A babe to honour him !"

But I need not, Edwards, I need not," recovering himself a little; " he is cursed enough already: to him the noblest source of happiness is denied; and the cares of his sordid soul shall know it, while thou sittest over a brown crust, smiling on those mangled limbs that have saved thy son and his children !" " If you want any thing with the school-mistress, Sir," said the woman, " I can shew you the way to her house." He followed her, without knowing whither he went.

They stopped at the door of a snug habitation, where sat an elderly woman with a boy and a girl before her, each of whom held a supper of bread and milk in their hands. " There, Sir, is the school-mistress." —" Madam," said Harley, " was not an old venerable man school-master here some time ago ?" " Yes, Sir, he was: poor

man! the loss of his former school-house, I believe, broke his heart, for he died soon after it was taken down; and as another has not yet been found, I have that charge in the mean time."—"And this boy and girl, I presume, are your pupils?"—"Ay, Sir, they are poor orphans, put under my care by the parish; and more promising children I never saw." "Orphans!" said Harley. "Yes, Sir, of honest creditable parents as any in the parish; and it is a shame for some folks to forget their relations, at a time when they have most need to remember them."—"Madam," said Harley, "let us never forget that we are all relations." He kissed the children.

"Their father, Sir," continued she, "was a farmer here in the neighbourhood, and a sober industrious man he was; but nobody can help misfortunes: what with bad crops, and bad debts, which are worse, his affairs went to wreck; and both he and his wife died of broken hearts.

And a sweet couple they were, Sir; there was not a properer man to look on in the country than John Edwards, and so indeed were all the Edwards's." "What Edwards's?" cried the old soldier hastily. "The Edwards's of South-hill; and a worthy family they were."—"South-hill!" said he, in a languid voice, and fell back into the arms of the astonished Harley. The school-mistress ran for some water, and a smelling-bottle, with the assistance of which they soon recovered the unfortunate Edwards. He stared wildly for some time; then folding his orphan grandchildren in his arms, "Oh! my children, my children!" he cried, "have I found you thus? My poor Jack! art thou gone? I thought thou shouldst have carried thy father's gray hairs to the grave! and these little ones"—his tears choked his utterance, and he fell again on the necks of the children.

"My dear old man!" said Harley,

"Providence has sent you to relieve them; it will bless me, if I can be the means of assisting you."—"Yes, indeed, Sir," answered the boy; "father, when he was a-dying, bade God bless us; and prayed, that if grandfather lived, he might send him to support us."---"Where did they lay my boy?" said Edwards. "In the Old Church-yard," replied the woman, "hard by his mother."---"I will shew it you," answered the boy; "for I have wept over it many a time, when first I came among strange folks." He took the old man's hand, Harley laid hold of his sister's, and they walked in silence to the church-yard.

There was an old stone, with the corner broken off, and some letters, half-covered with moss, to denote the names of the dead: there was a cyphered R. E. plainer than the rest: it was the tomb they sought. "Here it is, grandfather," said the boy. Edwards gazed upon it

without uttering a word: the girl, who had only sighed before, now wept outright: her brother sobbed, but he stifled his sobbing. "I have told sister," said he, "that she should not take it so to heart; she can knit already, and I shall soon be able to dig: we shall not starve, sister, indeed we shall not, nor shall grandfather neither."---The girl cried afresh; Harley kissed off her tears as they flowed, and wept between every kiss.

CHAP. XXXVI.

He returns home.—A description of his retinue.

It was with some difficulty that Harley prevailed on the old man to leave the spot where the remains of his son were laid. At last, with the assistance of the schoolmistress, he prevailed; and she accommodated Edwards and him with beds in her house, there being nothing like an inn nearer than the distance of some miles.

In the morning, Harley persuaded Edwards to come with the children to his house, which was distant but a short day's journey. The boy walked in his grandfather's hand; and the name of Edwards procured him a neighbouring farmer's horse, on which a servant mounted, with the girl on a pillow before him.

With this train Harley returned to the abode of his fathers: and we cannot but think, that his enjoyment was as great as if he had arrived from the tour of Europe, with a Swiss valet for his companion, and half a dozen snuff-boxes, with invisible hinges, in his pocket. But we take our ideas from sounds which folly has invented; Fashion, Bon ton, and Vertù, are the names of certain idols, to which we sacrifice the genuine pleasures of the soul: in this world of semblance, we are contented with personating happiness; to feel it, is an art beyond us.

It was otherwise with Harley; he ran up stairs to his aunt, with the history of his fellow-travellers glowing on his lips. His aunt was an economist; but she knew the pleasure of doing charitable things, and withal was fond of her nephew, and solicitous to oblige him. She received old Edwards, therefore, with a look of more complacency than is perhaps natural to

maiden ladies of threescore, and was remarkably attentive to his grand-children: she roasted apples with her own hands for their supper, and made up a little bed beside her own for the girl. Edwards made some attempts towards an acknowledgement for these favours; but his young friend stopped them in their beginnings. "Whosoever receiveth any of these children"—said his aunt; for her acquaintance with her Bible was habitual.

Early next morning, Harley stole into the room where Edwards lay: he expected to have found him a-bed; but in this he was mistaken: the old man had risen, and was leaning over his sleeping grandson, with the tears flowing down his cheeks. At first he did not perceive Harley; when he did, he endeavoured to hide his grief, and crossing his eyes with his hand, expressed his surprise at seeing him so early astir. "I was thinking of you," said Harley, "and your children: I learned

last night that a small farm of mine in the neighbourhood is now vacant: if you will occupy it, I shall gain a good neighbour, and be able, in some measure, to repay the notice you took of me when a boy; and as the furniture of the house is mine, it will be so much trouble saved." Edwards' tears gushed afresh, and Harley led him to see the place he intended for him.

The house upon this farm was indeed little better than a hut; its situation, however, was pleasant; and Edwards, assisted by the beneficence of Harley, set about improving its neatness and convenience. He staked out a piece of the green before for a garden, and Peter, who acted in Harley's family as valet, butler, and gardener, had orders to furnish him with parcels of the different seeds he chose to sow in it. I have seen his master at work in this little spot, with his coat off, and his dibble in his hand: it was a scene of tran-

quil virtue to have stopped an angel on his errands of mercy! Harley had contrived to lead a little bubbling brook through a green walk in the middle of the ground, upon which he had erected a mill in miniature for the diversion of Edwards' infant grandson, and made shift in its construction to introduce a pliant bit of wood, that answered with its fairy clack to the murmuring of the rill that turned it. I have seen him stand, listening to these mingled sounds, with his eye fixed on the boy, and the smile of conscious satisfaction on his cheek; while the old man, with a look half turned to Harley, and half to Heaven, breathed an ejaculation of gratitude and piety.

Father of mercies! I also would thank thee, that not only hast thou assigned eternal rewards to virtue, but that, even in this bad world, the lines of our duty, and our happiness, are so frequently woven together.

A FRAGMENT.

The Man of Feeling talks of what he does not understand.—An incident.

* * * * "EDWARDS," said he, "I have a proper regard for the prosperity of my country: every native of it appropriates to himself some share of the power or the fame, which, as a nation, it acquires; but I cannot throw off the man so much, as to rejoice at our conquests in India. You tell me of immense territories subject to the English: I cannot think of their possessions, without being led to enquire, by what right they possess them. They came there as traders, bartering the commodities they brought for others which their purchasers could spare; and however great their profits were, they were then equi-

table. But what title have the subjects of another kingdom to establish an empire in India? to give laws to a country where the inhabitants received them on the terms of friendly commerce? You say they are happier under our regulations than under the tyranny of their own petty princes. I must doubt it, from the conduct of those by whom these regulations have been made. They have drained the treasuries of Nabobs, who must fill them by oppressing the industry of their subjects. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider the motive upon which those gentlemen do not deny their going to India. The fame of conquest, barbarous as that motive is, is but a secondary consideration: there are certain stations in wealth, as well as in rank and honour, to which the warriors of the East aspire. It is there indeed where the wishes of their friends assign them eminence, and to that object the question of their country is pointed at

their return. When shall I see a commander return from India in the pride of honourable poverty?—You describe the victories they have gained; they are sullied by the cause in which they fought: you enumerate the spoils of those victories; they are covered with the blood of the vanquished!

"Could you tell me of some conqueror giving peace and happiness to the conquered? did he accept the gifts of their princes, to use them for the comfort of those whose fathers, sons, or husbands, fell in battle? did he use his power to gain security and freedom to the regions of oppression and slavery? did he endear the British name by examples of generosity, which the most barbarous or most depraved are rarely able to resist? did he return with the consciousness of duty discharged to his country, and humanity to his fellow-creatures? did he return with no lace on his coat, no slaves in his reti-

nue, no chariot at his door, and no burgundy at his table?—these were laurels which princes might envy—which an honest man would not condemn!"

"Your maxims, Mr Harley, are certainly right," said Edwards. "I am not capable of arguing with you; but I imagine there are great temptations in a great degree of riches, which it is no easy matter to resist: those a poor man like me cannot describe, because he never knew them; and perhaps I have reason to bless God that I never did; for then, it is likely, I should have withstood them no better than my neighbours. For you know, Sir, that it is not the fashion now, as it was in former times, that I have read of in books, when your great generals died so poor, that they did not leave wherewithal to buy them a coffin; and people thought the better of their memories for it: if they did so now-a-days, I question

if any body, except yourself, and some few like you, would thank them."

"I am sorry," replied Harley, "that there is so much truth in what you say; but, however the general current of opinion may point, the feelings are not yet lost that applaud benevolence, and censure inhumanity. Let us endeavour to strengthen them in ourselves; and we, who live sequestered from the noise of the multitude, have better opportunities of listening undisturbed to their voice."

They now approached the little dwelling of Edwards. A maid-servant, whom he had hired to assist him in the care of his grand-children, met them a little way from the house: "There is a young lady within with the children," said she. Edwards expressed his surprise at the visit: it was, however, not the less true; and we mean to account for it.

This young lady, then, was no other than Miss Walton. She had heard the old man's

history from Harley, as we have already related it. Curiosity, or some other motive, made her desirous to see his grandchildren: this she had an opportunity of gratifying soon; the children, in some of their walks, having strolled as far as her father's avenue. She put several questions to both; she was delighted with the simplicity of their answers, and promised, that if they continued to be good children, and do as their grandfather bid them, she would soon see them again, and bring some present or other for their reward. This promise she had performed now: she came attended only by her maid, and brought with her a complete suit of green for the boy, and a chintz gown, a cap, and a suit of ribbands, for his sister. She had time enough, with her maid's assistance, to equip them in their new habiliments before Harley and Edwards returned. The boy heard his grandfather's voice, and, with that silent joy which his present

finery inspired, ran to the door to meet him: putting one hand in his, with the other pointing to his sister, "See," said he, "what Miss Walton has brought us!"—Edwards gazed on them. Harley fixed his eyes on Miss Walton; her's were turned to the ground;—in Edwards' was a beamy moisture.—He folded his hands together—"I cannot speak, young lady," said he, "to thank you." Neither could Harley. There were a thousand sentiments; but they gushed so impetuously on his heart, that he could not utter a syllable. * * * *

CHAP. XL.

The Man of Feeling jealous.

THE desire of communicating knowledge or intelligence, is an argument with those who hold, that man is naturally a social animal. It is, indeed, one of the earliest propensities we discover; but it may be doubted whether the pleasure (for pleasure there certainly is) arising from it be not often more selfish than social: for we frequently observe the tidings of ill communicated as eagerly as the annunciation of good. Is it that we delight in observing the effects of the stronger passions? for we are all philosophers in this respect; and it is, perhaps, amongst the spectators at Tyburn that the most genuine are to be found.

Was it from this motive that Peter came one morning into his master's room with a meaning face of recital? His master, indeed, did not at first observe it; for he was sitting with one shoe buckled, delineating portraits in the fire. "I have brushed those clothes, Sir, as you ordered me." Harley nodded his head; but Peter observed that his hat wanted brushing too: his master nodded again. At last Peter bethought him, that the fire needed stirring; and taking up the poker, demolished the turban'd head of a Saracen, while his master was seeking out a body for it. "The morning is main cold, Sir," said Peter.—"Is it?" said Harley.—"Yes, Sir. I have been as far as Tom Dowson's to fetch some barberries he had picked for Mrs Margery. There was a rare junketting last night at Thomas's among Sir Harry Benson's servants; he lay at Squire Walton's, but he would not suffer his servants to trouble the family:

sir. To be sure, they were all at Tom's, and had a hunt and a hot supper in the big room where the justices meet about the destroying of hares and partridges, and there things; and Tom's eyes looked so red and so bleared when I called him to get the barberries.—And I hear as how Sir Harry is going to be married to Miss Walton."—"How! Miss Walton married!" said Harley.—"Why, it may'nt be true, Sir, for all that; but Tom's wife told it me, and to be sure the servants told her, and their master told them, as I guess, Sir; but it mayn't be true for all that, as I said before."—"Have done with your idle information," said Harley. "Is my aunt come down into the parlour to breakfast?"—"Yes, Sir."—"Tell her I'll be with her immediately."

When Peter was gone, he stood with his eyes fixed on the ground, and the last words of his intelligence vibrating in his ears—"Miss Walton married!" he sigh-

ed—and walked down stairs, with his shoe as it was, and the buckle in his hand. His aunt, however, was pretty well accustomed to those appearances of absence; besides, that the natural gravity of her temper, which was commonly called into exertion by the care of her household concerns, was such as not easily to be discomposed by any circumstance of accidental impropriety. She, too, had been informed of the intended match between Sir Harry Benson and Miss Walton. "I have been thinking," said she, "that they are distant relations: for the great-grandfather of this Sir Harry Benson, who was knight of the shire in the reign of Charles the First, and one of the cavaliers of those times, was married to a daughter of the Walton family." Harley answered drily, that it might be so; but that he never troubled himself about those matters. "Indeed," said she, "you are to blame, nephew, for not knowing a little

tress's own hand. There was the family-crest in each corner, and in the middle a view of the battle of Worcester, where one of her ancestors had been a captain in the king's forces; and with a sort of poetical licence in perspective, there was seen the Royal Oak, with more wig than leaves upon it.

On all this the good lady was very copious, and took up the remaining intervals of filling tea, to describe its excellencies to Harley; adding, that she intended this as a present for his wife, when he should get one. He sighed, and looked foolish, and commending the serenity of the day, walked out into the garden.

He sat down on a little seat which commanded an extensive prospect round the house. He leaned on his hand, and scored the ground with his stick: "Miss Walton married!" said he; "but what is that to me? May she be happy! her virtues deserve it; to me, her marriage is

otherwise indifferent:—I had romantic dreams: they are fled!—it is perfectly indifferent."

Just at that moment, he saw a servant, with a knot of ribbands in his hat, go into the house. His cheeks grew flushed at the sight! He kept his eye fixed for some time on the door by which he had entered; then, starting to his feet, hastily followed him.

When he approached the door of the kitchen, where he supposed the man had entered, his heart throbbed so violently, that, when he would have called Peter, his voice failed in the attempt. He stood a moment listening in this breathless state of palpitation: Peter came out by chance. "Did your honour want any thing?"—"Where is the servant that came just now from Mr Walton's?"—"From Mr Walton's, Sir! there is none of his servants here, that I know of."—"Nor of Sir Harry Benson's?"—He did not wait for

an answer; but, having by this time observed the hat with its party-coloured ornament hanging on a peg near the door, he pressed forwards into the kitchen, and addressing himself to a stranger whom he saw there, asked him, with no small tremor in his voice, "If he had any commands for him?" The man looked silly, and said, "That he had nothing to trouble his honour with."—"Are not you a servant of Sir Harry Benson's?"—"No, Sir."—"You'll pardon me, young man; I judged by the favour in your hat."—"Sir, I am his Majesty's servant, God bless him! and these favours we always wear when we are recruiting."—"Recruiting!" his eyes glistened at the word: he seized the soldier's hand, and shaking it violently, ordered Peter to fetch a bottle of his aunt's best dram. The bottle was brought. "You shall drink the king's health," said Harley, "in a bumper."—"The king, and your honour."—"Nay,

you shall drink the king's health by itself; you may drink mine in another." Peter looked in his master's face, and filled with some little reluctance. "Now, to your mistress," said Harley; "every soldier has a mistress." The man excused himself—"To your mistress! you cannot refuse it." 'Twas Mrs Margery's best dram! Peter stood with the bottle a little inclined, but not so as to discharge a drop of its contents. "Fill it, Peter," said his master, "fill it to the brim." Peter filled it; and the soldier, having named Sukey Simpson, dispatched it in a twinkling. "Thou art an honest fellow," said Harley, "and I love thee;" and shaking his hand again, desired Peter to make him his guest at dinner, and walked up into his room with a pace much quicker and more springy than usual.

This agreeable disappointment, however, he was not long suffered to enjoy. The curate happened that day to dine

with him: his visits, indeed, were more properly to the aunt than the nephew; and many of the intelligent ladies in the parish, who, like some very great philosophers, have the happy knack at accounting for every thing, gave out, that there was a particular attachment between them, which wanted only to be matured by some more years of courtship to end in the tenderest connection. In this conclusion, indeed, supposing the premises to have been true, they were somewhat justified by the known opinion of the lady, who frequently declared herself a friend to the ceremonial of former times, when a lover might have sighed seven years at his mistress's feet, before he was allowed the liberty of kissing her hand. 'Tis true, Mrs Margery was now about her grand climacteric; no matter: that is just the age when we expect to grow younger. But I verily believe there was nothing in the report; the curate's

connection was only that of a genealogist; for in that character, he was no way inferior to Mrs Margery herself. He dealt also in the present times; for he was a politician and a newsmonger.

He had hardly said grace after dinner when he told Mrs Margery, that she might soon expect a pair of white gloves, as Sir Harry Benson, he was very well informed, was just going to be married to Miss Walton. Harley spilt the wine he was carrying to his mouth. He had time, however, to recollect himself before the curate had finished the different particulars of his intelligence, and summing up all the heroism he was master of, filled a bumper, and drank to Miss Walton. "With all my heart," said the curate, "the bride that is to be." Harley would have said Bride too; but the word Bride stuck in his throat. His confusion, indeed, was manifest: but the curate began to enter on some point of descent with

Mrs Margery, and Harley had very soon after an opportunity of leaving them, while they were deeply engaged in a question, whether the name of some great man, in the time of Henry the Seventh, was Richard or Humphrey.

He did not see his aunt again till supper; the time between he spent in walking, like some troubled ghost, round the place where his treasure lay. He went as far as a little gate, that led into a copse near Mr Walton's house, to which that gentleman had been so obliging as to let him have a key. He had just begun to open it, when he saw, on a terrace below, Miss Walton walking with a gentleman in a riding dress, whom he immediately guessed to be Sir Harry Benson. He stopped of a sudden; his hand shook so much that he could hardly turn the key; he opened the gate, however, and advanced a few paces. The lady's lap-dog

pricked up its ears, and barked; he stopped again—

——" The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see they bark at me."

His resolution failed; he slunk back, and locking the gate as softly as he could, stood on tiptoe looking over the wall till they were gone. At that instant a shepherd blew his horn: the romantic melancholy of the sound quite overcame him! —it was the very note that wanted to be touched—he sighed! he dropped a tear! —and returned.

At supper, his aunt observed that he was graver than usual; but she did not suspect the cause: indeed, it may seem odd that she was the only person in the family who had no suspicion of his attachment to Miss Walton. It was frequently matter of discourse amongst the

servants: perhaps her maiden-coldness—but for those things we need not account.

In a day or two, he was so much master of himself as to be able to rhyme upon the subject. The following pastoral he left, some time after, on the handle of a tea-kettle, at a neighbouring house where we were visiting; and as I filled the tea-pot after him, I happened to put it in my pocket by a similar act of forgetfulness. It is such as might be expected from a man who makes verses for amusement. I am pleased with somewhat of good-nature that runs through it, because I have commonly observed the writers of those complaints to bestow epithets on their lost mistresses rather too harsh for the mere liberty of choice, which led them to prefer another to the poet himself: I do not doubt the vehemence of their passion; but, alas! the sensations of love are something more than the returns of gratitude.

LAVINIA.

A PASTORAL.

Why steals from my bosom the sigh?
Why fixed is my gaze on the ground?
Come, give me my pipe, and I'll try
To banish my cares with the sound.

Erewhile were its notes of accord
With the smile of the flower-footed Muse;
Ah! why, by its master implored,
Should it now the gay carol refuse?

'Twas taught by LAVINIA's smile
In the mirth-loving chorus to join:
Ah me! how unweeting the while!
LAVINIA——cannot be mine!

Another, more happy, the maid
By fortune is destined to bless——
'Though the hope has forsook that betrayed,
Yet why should I love her the less?

Her beauties are bright as the morn,
With rapture I counted them o'er;
Such virtues these beauties adorn,
I knew her, and praised them no more.

I termed her no goddess of love,
I called not her beauty divine:
These far other passions may prove,
But they could not be figures of mine.

It ne'er was apparel'd with art,
On words it could never rely;
It reigned in the throb of my heart,
It spoke in the glance of my eye.

Oh fool! in the circle to shine
That fashion's gay daughters approve,
You must speak as the fashions incline;—
Alas! are there fashions in love?

Yet sure they are simple who prize
The tongue that is smooth to deceive;
Yet sure she had sense to despise
The tinsel that folly may weave.

When I talked, I have seen her recline
With an aspect so pensively sweet,—
Though I spoke what the shepherds opine,
A fop were ashamed to repeat.

She is soft as the dew-drops that fall
From the lip of the sweet-scented pea;
Perhaps when she smiled upon all,
I have thought that she smiled upon me.

But why of her charms should I tell?
Ah me! whom her charms have undone!
Yet I love the reflection too well,
The painful reflection to shun.

Ye souls of more delicate kind,
Who feast not on pleasure alone,
Who wear the soft sense of the mind,
To the sons of the world still unknown;

Ye know, though I cannot express,
Why I foolishly doat on my pain;
Nor will ye believe it the less
That I have not the skill to complain.

I lean on my hand with a sigh,
My friends the soft sadness condemn;
Yet, methinks, though I cannot tell why,
I should hate to be merry like them.

When I walked in the pride of the dawn,
Methought all the region looked bright:
Has sweetness forsaken the lawn?
For, methinks I grow sad at the sight.

When I stood by the stream, I have thought
  There was mirth in the gurgling soft sound;
But now 'tis a sorrowful note,
  And the banks are all gloomy around!

I have laughed at the jest of a friend;
  Now they laugh, and I know not the cause,
Though I seem with my looks to attend,
  How silly! I ask what it was!

They sing the sweet song of the May,
  They sing it with mirth and with glee;
Sure I once thought the sonnet was gay,
  But now 'tis all sadness to me.

Oh! give me the dubious light
  That gleams through the quivering shade;
Oh! give me the horrors of night
  By gloom and by silence arrayed!

Let me walk where the soft-rising wave
  Has pictured the moon on its breast:
Let me walk where the new-covered grave
  Allows the pale lover to rest!

When shall I in its peaceable womb
  Be laid with my sorrows asleep!
Should Lavinia chance on my tomb—
  I could die if I thought she would weep.

Perhaps, if the souls of the just
  Revisit these mansions of care,
It may be my favourite trust
  To watch o'er the fate of the fair;

Perhaps the soft thought of her breast
  With rapture more favoured to warm;
Perhaps, if with sorrow oppressed,
  Her sorrow with patience to arm.

Then! then! in the tenderest part
  May I whisper, "Poor COLIN was true;"
And mark if a heave of her heart
  The thought of her COLIN pursue.

THE PUPIL.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * "BUT as to the higher part of education, Mr Harley, the culture of the mind;—let the feelings be awakened, let the heart be brought forward to its object, placed in the light in which nature would have it stand, and its decisions will ever be just. The world

Will smile, and smile, and be a villain;

and the youth, who does not suspect its deceit, will be content to smile with it.—His teachers will put on the most forbidding aspect in nature, and tell him of the beauty of virtue.

"I have not, under these gray hairs, forgotten, that I was once a young man, warm in the pursuit of pleasure, but mean-

ing to be honest as well as happy. I had ideas of virtue, of honour, of benevolence, which I had never been at the pains to define; but I felt my bosom heave at the thoughts of them, and I made the most delightful soliloquies.—"It is impossible," said I, "that there can be half so many rogues as are imagined."

"I travelled, because it is the fashion for young men of my fortune to travel: I had a travelling tutor, which is the fashion too; but my tutor was a gentleman, which it is not always the fashion for tutors to be. His gentility indeed was all he had from his father, whose prodigality had not left him a shilling to support it.

"I have a favour to ask of you, my dear Mountford," said my father, "which I will not be refused: You have travelled as became a man; neither France nor Italy have made any thing of Mountford, which Mountford before he left England

would have been ashamed of: my son Edward goes abroad; would you take him under your protection?"—He blushed—my father's face was scarlet—he pressed his hand to his bosom, as if he had said,—my heart does not mean to offend you. Mountford sighed twice—"I am a proud fool," said he, "and you will pardon it;—there! (he sighed again) I can hear of dependance, since it is dependance on my Sedley."—"Dependance!" answered my father; "there can be no such word between us: what is there in 9000l. a year that should make me unworthy of Mountford's friendship?"—They embraced; and soon after I set out on my travels, with Mountford for my guardian.

"We were at Milan, where my father happened to have an Italian friend, to whom he had been of some service in England. The count, for he was of quality, was solicitous to return the obligation, by a particular attention to his son: we lived

in his palace, visited with his family, were caressed by his friends, and I began to be so well pleased with my entertainment, that I thought of England as of some foreign country.

"The count had a son not much older than myself. At that age a friend is an easy acquisition: we were friends the first night of our acquaintance.

"He introduced me into the company of a set of young gentlemen, whose fortunes gave them the command of pleasure, and whose inclinations incited them to the purchase. After having spent some joyous evenings in their society, it became a sort of habit which I could not miss without uneasiness; and our meetings, which before were frequent, were now stated and regular.

"Sometimes in the pauses of our mirth, gaming was introduced as an amusement: it was an art in which I was a novice: I received instruction, as other novices do,

by losing pretty largely to my teachers. Nor was this the only evil which Mountford foresaw would arise from the connexion I had formed; but a lecture of sour injunctions was not his method of reclaiming. He sometimes asked me questions about the company; but they were such as the curiosity of any indifferent man might have prompted: I told him of their wit, their eloquence, their warmth of friendship, and their sensibility of heart: "And their honour," said I, laying my hand on my breast, "is unquestionable." Mountford seemed to rejoice at my good fortune, and begged that I would introduce him to their acquaintance. At the next meeting I introduced him accordingly.

"The conversation was as animated as usual: they displayed all that sprightliness and good-humour which my praises had led Mountford to expect; subjects too of sentiment occurred, and their speeches,

particularly those of our friend the son of count Respino, glowed with the warmth of honour, and softened into the tenderness of feeling. Mountford was charmed with his companions; when we parted, he made the highest eulogiums upon them: "When shall we see them again?" said he. I was delighted with the demand, and promised to reconduct him on the morrow.

"In going to their place of rendezvous, he took me a little out of the road, to see, as he told me, the performances of a young statuary. When we were near the house in which Mountford said he lived, a boy of about seven years old crossed us in the street. At sight of Mountford he stopped, and grasping his hand, "My dearest Sir," said he, "my father is likely to do well; he will live to pray for you, and to bless you: yes, he will bless you, though you are an Englishman, and some other hard word that the monk talked of this morn-

ing, which I have forgot, but it meant that you should not go to heaven; but he shall go to Heaven, said I, for he has saved my father: come and see him, Sir, that we may be happy."—"My dear, I am engaged at present with this gentleman."—"But he shall come along with you; he is an Englishman too, I fancy; he shall come and learn how an Englishman may go to heaven."—Mountford smiled, and we followed the boy together.

"After crossing the next street, we arrived at the gate of a prison. I seemed surprised at the sight; our little conductor observed it. "Are you afraid, Sir?" said he; "I was afraid once too, but my father and mother are here, and I am never afraid when I am with them." He took my hand, and led me through a dark passage that fronted the gate. When we came to a little door at the end, he tapped; a boy, still younger than himself, opened it to receive us. Mountford entered with a

look in which was pictured the benign assurance of a superior being. I followed in silence and amazement.

" On something like a bed, lay a man, with a face seemingly emaciated with sickness, and a look of patient dejection; a bundle of dirty shreds served him for a pillow; but he had a better support—the arm of a female who kneeled beside him, beautiful as an angel, but with a fading languor in her countenance, the still life of melancholy, that seemed to borrow its shade from the object on which she gazed. There was a tear in her eye;—the sick man kissed it off in its bud, smiling through the dimness of his own!—when she saw Mountford, she crawled forward on the ground, and clasped his knees; he raised her from the floor; she threw her arms round his neck, and sobbed out a speech of thankfulness, eloquent beyond the power of language.

" Compose yourself, my love," said the

man on the bed; "but he, whose goodness has caused that emotion, will pardon its effects."—"How is this, Mountford?" said I; "what do I see? what must I do?"—"You see," replied the stranger, "a wretch, sunk in poverty, starving in prison, stretched on a sick bed! but that is little:—there are his wife and children, wanting the bread which he has not to give them! Yet you cannot easily imagine the conscious serenity of his mind; in the gripe of affliction, his heart swells with the pride of virtue! it can even look down with pity on the man whose cruelty has wrung it almost to bursting. You are, I fancy, a friend of Mr Mountford's; come nearer, and I'll tell you; for, short as my story is, I can hardly command breath enough for the recital. The son of count Respino (I started as if I had trod on a viper) has long had a criminal passion for my wife; this her prudence had concealed from me; but he had lately the

boldness to declare it to myself. He promised me affluence in exchange for honour; and threatened misery, as its attendant, if I kept it. I treated him with the contempt he deserved: the consequence was, that he hired a couple of bravoes, (for I am persuaded they acted under his direction,) who attempted to assassinate me in the street; but I made such a defence as obliged them to fly, after having given me two or three stabs, none of which, however, were mortal. But his revenge was not thus to be disappointed: in the little dealings of my trade I had contracted some debts, of which he had made himself master for my ruin. I was confined here at his suit, when not yet recovered from the wounds I had received; this dear woman, and these two boys, followed me, that we might starve together; but Providence interposed, and sent Mr Mountford to our support: he has relieved my family from the gnawings of

hunger, and rescued me from death, to which a fever, consequent on my wounds, and increased by the want of every necessary, had almost reduced me."

"Inhuman villain!" I exclaimed, lifting up my eyes to heaven. "Inhuman indeed!" said the lovely woman who stood at my side: "Alas! Sir, what had we done to offend him? what had these little ones done, that they should perish in the toils of his vengeance?"—I reached a pen which stood in the ink-standish at the bed-side—"May I ask what is the amount of the sum for which you are imprisoned?"—"I was able," he replied, "to pay all but 500 crowns."—I wrote a draught on the banker with whom I had a credit from my father for 2500, and presenting it to the stranger's wife, "You will receive, Madam, on presenting this note, a sum more than sufficient for your husband's discharge; the remainder I leave for his industry to improve." I would

have left the room: each of them laid hold of one of my hands; the children clung to my coat:—Oh! Mr Harley, methinks I feel their gentle violence at this moment; it beats here with delight inexpressible!—"Stay, Sir," said he, "I do not mean attempting to thank you; (he took a pocket-book from under his pillow;) let me but know what name I shall place here next to Mr Mountford?"—"Sedley"—he writ it down—"An Englishman too, I presume."—"He shall go to heaven notwithstanding," said the boy who had been our guide. It began to be too much for me; I squeezed his hand that was clasped in mine; his wife's I pressed to my lips, and burst from the place, to give vent to the feelings that laboured within me.

Oh! Mountford!" said I, when he had overtaken me at the door: "It is time," replied he, "that we should think of our appointment; young Respino and his

friends are waiting us."—"Damn him, damn him!" said I; "let us leave Milan instantly; but soft——I will be calm; Mountford, your pencil." I wrote on a slip of paper,

"To Signor RESPINO.

"When you receive this, I am at a distance from Milan. Accept of my thanks for the civilities I have received from you and your family. As to the friendship with which you were pleased to honour me, the prison, which I have just left, has exhibited a scene to cancel it for ever. You may possibly be merry with your companions at my weakness, as I suppose you will term it. I give you leave for derision: you may affect a triumph; I shall feel it.

EDWARD SEDLEY."

"You may send this if you will," said Mountford coolly; "but still Respino is

a man of honour; the world will continue to call him so."—"It is probable," I answered, "they may; I envy not the appellation. If this is the world's honour, if these men are the guides of its manners"—"Tut!" said Mountford, "do you eat macaroni?"—

****

[At this place had the greatest depredations of the curate begun. There were so very few connected passages of the subsequent chapters remaining, that even the partiality of an editor could not offer them to the public. I discovered, from some scattered sentences, that they were of much the same tenor with the preceding; recitals of little adventures, in which the dispositions of a man, sensible to judge, and still more warm to feel, had room to unfold themselves. Some instruction, and some example, I make no doubt they con-

tained; but it is likely that many of those, whom chance has led to a perusal of what I have already presented, may have read it with little pleasure, and will feel no disappointment from the want of those parts which I have been unable to procure: to such as may have expected the intricacies of a novel, a few incidents in a life undistinguished, except by some features of the heart, cannot have afforded much entertainment.

Harley's own story, from the mutilated passages I have mentioned, as well as from some inquiries I was at the trouble of making in the country, I found to have been simple to excess. His mistress, I could perceive, was not married to Sir Harry Benson: but it would seem, by one of the following chapters, which is still entire, that Harley had not profited on the occasion by making any declaration of his own passion, after those of the other had been unsuccessful. The state of his

health, for some part of this period, appears to have been such as to forbid any thoughts of that kind: he had been seized with a very dangerous fever, caught by attending old Edwards in one of an infectious kind. From this he had recovered but imperfectly, and though he had no formed complaint, his health was manifestly on the decline.

It appears that the sagacity of some friend had at length pointed out to his aunt a cause from which this might be supposed to proceed, to wit, his hopeless love for Miss Walton; for, according to the conceptions of the world, the love of a man of Harley's fortune for the heiress of 4000l. a year, is indeed desperate. Whether it was so in this case may be gathered from the next chapter, which, with the two subsequent, concluding the performance, have escaped those accidents that proved fatal to the rest.]

CHAP. LV.

He sees Miss Walton, and is happy.

HARLEY was one of those few friends whom the malevolence of fortune had yet left me: I could not, therefore, but be sensibly concerned for his present indisposition; there seldom passed a day on which I did not make inquiry about him.

The physician who attended him had informed me the evening before, that he thought him considerably better than he had been for some time past. I called next morning to be confirmed in a piece of intelligence so welcome to me.

When I entered his apartment, I found him sitting on a couch, leaning on his hand, with his eye turned upwards in the attitude of thoughtful inspiration. His

look had always an open benignity, which commanded esteem; there was now something more—a gentle triumph in it.

He rose, and met me with his usual kindness. When I gave him the good accounts I had had from his physician, "I am foolish enough," said he, "to rely but little, in this instance, upon physic: my presentiment may be false; but I think I feel myself approaching to my end, by steps so easy, that they woo me to approach it.

"There is a certain dignity in retiring from life at a time, when the infirmities of age have not sapped our faculties. This world, my dear Charles, was a scene in which I never much delighted. I was not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the dissipation of the gay; a thousand things occurred, where I blushed for the impropriety of my conduct when I thought on the world, though my reason told me I should have blushed to have done other-

wise. It was a scene of dissimulation, of restraint, of disappointment. I leave it to enter on that state, which I have learned to believe is replete with the genuine happiness attendant upon virtue. I look back on the tenor of my life, with the consciousness of few great offences to account for. There are blemishes, I confess, which deform in some degree the picture. But I know the benignity of the Supreme Being, and rejoice at the thoughts of its exercise in my favour. My mind expands at the thought that I shall enter into the society of the blessed, wise as angels, with the simplicity of children." He had, by this time, clasped my hand, and found it wet by a tear which had just fallen upon it.—His eye began to moisten too—we sat for some time silent.—At last, with an attempt to a look of more composure, "There are some remembrances," said Harley, "which rise involuntarily on my heart, and make me almost wish

to live. I have been blessed with a few friends, who redeem my opinion of mankind. I recollect, with the tenderest emotion, the scenes of pleasure I have passed among them; but we shall meet again, my friend, never to be separated. There are some feelings, which, perhaps, are too tender to be suffered by the world. The world is in general selfish, interested, and unthinking, and throws the imputation of romance, or melancholy, on every temper more susceptible than its own. I cannot think but in those regions which I contemplate, if there is any thing of mortality left about us, that these feelings will subsist:—they are called,—perhaps they are—weaknesses here;—but there may be some better modifications of them in heaven, which may deserve the name of virtues." He sighed as he spoke these last words. He had scarcely finished them, when the door opened, and his aunt appeared, leading in Miss Walton. "My

dear," says she, "here is Miss Walton, who has been so kind as to come and inquire for you herself." I could observe a transient glow upon his face. He rose from his seat—"If to know Miss Walton's goodness," said he, "be a title to deserve it, I have some claim." She begged him to resume his seat, and placed herself on the sofa beside him. I took my leave. Mrs Margery accompanied me to the door. He was left with Miss Walton alone. She inquired anxiously about his health. "I believe," said he, "from the accounts which my physicians unwillingly give me, that they have no great hopes of my recovery."—She started as he spoke; but, recollecting herself immediately, endeavoured to flatter him into a belief that his apprehensions were groundless. "I know," said he, "that it is usual with persons at my time of life to have these hopes, which your kindness suggests; but I would not wish to be de-

ceived. To meet death as becomes a man, is a privilege bestowed on few.—I would endeavour to make it mine;—nor do I think that I can ever be better prepared for it than now:—It is that chiefly which determines the fitness of its approach." "Those sentiments," answered Miss Walton, "are just; but your good sense, Mr Harley, will own, that life has its proper value.—As the province of virtue, life is ennobled; as such, it is to be desired.—To virtue has the Supreme Director of all things assigned rewards enough even here to fix its attachment."

The subject began to overpower her.—Harley lifted his eyes from the ground—"There are," said he, in a very low voice, "there are attachments, Miss Walton"—His glance met her's—They both betrayed a confusion, and were both instantly withdrawn.—He paused some moments—"I am in such a state as calls for sincerity, let that also excuse it—It is perhaps the

last time we shall ever meet. I feel something particularly solemn in the acknowledgment, yet my heart swells to make it, awed as it is by a sense of my presumption, by a sense of your perfections"—He paused again—" Let it not offend you, to know their power over one so unworthy —it will, I believe, soon cease to beat, even with that feeling which it shall lose the latest.—To love Miss Walton could not be a crime;—if to declare it is one—the expiation will be made."—Her tears were now flowing without controul.—" Let me intreat you," said she, " to have better hopes—Let not life be so indifferent to you; if my wishes can put any value on it—I will not pretend to misunderstand you—I know your worth—I have known it long—I have esteemed it—What would you have me say?—I have loved it as it deserved."—He seized her hand—a languid colour reddened his cheek —a smile brightened faintly in his eye. As

he gazed on her, it grew dim, it fixed, it closed—He sighed, and fell back on his seat—Miss Walton screamed at the sight —His aunt and the servants rushed into the room—They found them lying motionless together.—His physician happened to call at that instant. Every art was tried to recover them—With Miss Walton they succeeded—But Harley was gone for ever !

CHAP. LVI.

The emotions of the heart.

I ENTERED the room where his body lay; I approached it with reverence, not fear: I looked; the recollection of the past crowded upon me. I saw that form which, but a little before, was animated with a soul which did honour to humanity, stretched without sense or feeling before me. 'Tis a connexion we cannot easily forget:—I took his hand in mine; I repeated his name involuntarily;—I felt a pulse in every vein at the sound. I looked earnestly in his face; his eye was closed, his lip pale and motionless. There is an enthusiasm in sorrow that forgets impossibility; I wondered that it was so.

The sight drew a prayer from my heart: it was the voice of frailty and of man! the confusion of my mind began to subside into thought; I had time to weep.

I turned with the last farewell upon my lips, when I observed old Edwards standing behind me. I looked him full in the face; but his eye was fixed on another object: he pressed between me and the bed, and stood gazing on the breathless remains of his benefactor. I spoke to him I know not what; but he took no notice of what I said, and remained in the same attitude as before. He stood some minutes in that posture, then turned and walked towards the door. He paused as he went; —he returned a second time: I could observe his lips move as he looked; but the voice they would have uttered was lost. He attempted going again; and a third time he returned as before.—I saw him wipe his cheek; then, covering his face

with his hands, his breast heaving with the most convulsive throbs, he flung out of the room.

THE CONCLUSION.

He had hinted that he should like to be buried in a certain spot near the grave of his mother. This is a weakness; but it is universally incident to humanity: 'tis at least a memorial for those who survive: for some indeed a slender memorial will serve; and the soft affections, when they are busy that way, will build their structures, were it but on the paring of a nail.

He was buried in the place he had desired. It was shaded by an old tree, the only one in the church-yard, in which was a cavity worn by time. I have sat with him in it, and counted the tombs. The last time we passed there, methought he looked wistfully on the tree: there was a branch of it, that bent towards us, wa-

ving in the wind; he waved his hand, as if he mimicked its motion. There was something predictive in his look! perhaps it is foolish to remark it; but there are times and places when I am a child in those things.

I sometimes visit his grave; I sit in the hollow of the tree. It is worth a thousand homilies; every noble feeling rises within me! every beat of my heart awakens a virtue!—but it will make you hate the world——No: there is such an air of gentleness around, that I can hate nothing; but, as to the world—I pity the men of it.

THE END.

THE

MAN OF THE WORLD.

IN TWO PARTS.

Virginibus Puerisque Canto.——HOR.

PART I.

THE

MAN OF THE WORLD.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

THOUGH the world is but little concerned to know in what situation the author of any performance, that is offered to its perusal, may be, yet I believe it is generally solicitous to learn some circumstances relating to him: for my own part, I have always experienced this desire in myself; and read the advertisement at the beginning, and the postscript at the end, of a book, if they contain any informa-

tion of that sort, with a kind of melancholy inquietude about the fate of him, in whose company, as it were, I have passed some harmless hours, and whose sentiments have been unbosomed to me with the openness of a friend.

The life of him who has had an opportunity of presenting to the eye of the public the following tale, though sufficiently chequered with vicissitude, has been spent in a state of obscurity, the recital of which could but little excite admiration, or gratify curiosity: the manner of his procuring the story contained in the following sheets, is all he thinks himself entitled to relate.

After some wanderings at that time of life which is most subject to wandering, I had found an opportunity of revisiting the scenes of my earlier attachments, and returned to my native spot with that tender emotion, which the heart, that can be moved at all, will naturally feel on ap-

proaching it. The remembrance of my infant days, like the fancied vibration of pleasant sounds in the ear, was still alive in my mind; and I flew to find out the marks by which even inanimate things were to be known, as the friends of my youth, not forgotten, though long unseen, nor lessened in my estimation, from the pride of refinement, or the comparison of experience.

In the shade of an ancient tree, that centered a circle of elms, at the end of the village where I was born, I found my old acquaintance Jack Ryland: he was gathering moss with one hand, while the other held a flannel bag, containing earthworms, to be used as bait in angling. On seeing me, Ryland dropped his moss on the ground, and ran with all the warmth of friendship to embrace me. "My dear Tom," said he, "how happy I am to see you! you have travelled no doubt a woundy long way since we parted.—You find me

in the old way here.—I believe they have but a sorry notion of sport in Italy.—While I think on't, look on this minnow; I'll be hanged if the sharpest eyed trout in the river can know it from the natural. It was but yesterday now—You remember the cross-tree pool, just below the parsonage—there I hooked him, played him half an hour by the clock, and landed him at last as far down as the church-way ford. As for his size—Lord! how unlucky it is that I have not my landing-net here! for now I recollect that I marked his length on the outside of the pole; but you shall see it some other time."

Let not my reader be impatient at my friend Ryland's harangue. I give it him, because I would have characters develope themselves. To throw, however, some farther light upon Ryland's:

He was first cousin to a gentleman who possessed a considerable estate in our county, born to no fortune, and not much

formed by nature for acquiring one; he found pretty early that he should never be rich, but that he might possibly be happy; and happiness to him was obtained without effort, because it was drawn from sources which it required little exertion to supply: trifles were the boundaries of his desire, and their attainment the goal of his felicity. A certain neatness at all those little arts in which the soul has no share, an immoderate love of sport, and a still more immoderate love of reciting its progress, with the addition of one faculty which has some small connection with letters, to wit, a remarkable memory for puzzles and enigmas, made up his character; and he enjoyed a privilege uncommon to the happy, that no one envied the means by which he attained what every one pursues.

I interrupted his narrative by some inquiries about my former acquaintance in the village; for Ryland was the recorder of

the place, and could have told the names, families, relations, and intermarriages of the parish, with much more accuracy than the register.

"Alackaday!" said Jack, "there have been many changes among us since you left this: here has died the old gauger Wilson, as good a cricket-player as ever handled a bat; Rooke, at the Salutation, is gone too; and his wife has left the parish and settled in London, where I am told she keeps a gin-shop, in some street they call Southwark; and the poor parson, whom you were so intimate with, the worthy old Annesly"—He looked piteously towards the church-yard, and a tear trickled down his cheek.—"I understand you," said I, "the good man is dead!"—"Ah! there is more than you think about his death," answered Jack; "he died of a broken heart!" I could make no reply but by an ejaculation, and Ryland accompanied it with another tear;

for, though he commonly looked but on the surface of things, yet Ryland had a heart to feel.

"In the middle of yon clump of alders," said he, "you may remember a small house, that was once farmer Higgins's; it is now occupied by a gentlewoman of the name of Wistanly, who was formerly a sort of servant-companion to Sir Thomas Sindall's mother, the widow of Sir William; her mistress, who died some years ago, left her an annuity, and that house for life, where she has lived ever since. I am told that she knows more of Annesly's affairs than any other body; but she is so silent and shy, that I could never get a word from her on the subject: she is reckoned a wonderful scholar by the folks of the village; and you, who are a man of reading, might perhaps be a greater favourite with her; if you choose it, I shall introduce you to her immediately." I accept-

ed his offer, and we went to her house together.

We found her sitting in a little parlour, fitted up in a taste much superior to what might have been expected from the appearance of the house, with some shelves, on which I observed several of the most classical English and French authors. She rose to receive us with something in her manner greatly above her seeming rank: Jack introduced me as an acquaintance of her deceased friend, Mr Annesly. "Then, Sir," said she, "you knew a man who had few fellows!" lifting her eyes gently upwards. The tender solemnity of her look answered the very movement which the remembrance had awaked in my soul, and I made no other reply than by a tear. She seemed to take it in good part, and we met on that ground like old friends, who had much to ask, and much to be answered.

When we were going away, she begged

CHAP. I.

In which are some particulars previous to the commencement of the main story.

RICHARD ANNESLY was the only child of a wealthy tradesman in London, who, from the experience of that profit which his business afforded himself, was anxious it should descend to his son. Unfortunately, the young man had acquired a certain train of ideas, which were totally averse to that line of life which his father had marked out for him. There is a degree of sentiment, which, in the bosom of a man destined to the drudgery of the world, is the source of endless disgust: of this young Annesly was unluckily possessed; and as he foresaw, or thought he foresaw, that it would not only endanger his success, but

take from the enjoyment of prosperity, supposing it attained, he declined following that road which his father had smoothed for his progress; and at the risk of those temporal advantages, which the old gentleman's displeasure, on this occasion, might deny him, entered into the service of the church, and retired to the country on one of the smallest endowments she has to bestow.

That feeling which prevents the acquisition of wealth, is formed for the support of poverty; the contentment of the poor, I had almost said their pride, buoys up the spirit against the depression of adversity, and gives to our very wants the appearance of enjoyment.

Annesly looked on happiness as confined to the sphere of sequestered life. The pomp of greatness, the pleasures of the affluent, he considered as only productive of turbulence, disquiet, and remorse; and thanked heaven for having placed him in

his own little shed, which, in his opinion, was the residence of pure and lasting felicity.

With this view of things, his father's ideas did by no means coincide: his anger against his son continued till his death; and, when that event happened, with the preposterous revenge of many a parent, he consigned him to misery, as he thought, because he would not be unhappy in that way which he had insisted on his following, and cut him off from the inheritance of his birth, because he had chosen a profession which kept him in poverty without it.

Though Annesly could support the fear of poverty, he could not easily bear the thought of a dying father's displeasure. On receiving intelligence of his being in a dangerous situation, he hasted to London, with the purpose of wringing from him his forgiveness for the only offence with which his son had ever been charge-

able: but he arrived too late; his father had breathed his last on the evening of the day preceding that on which he reached the metropolis, and his house was already in the possession of a nephew, to whom his son understood he had left every shilling of his fortune. This man had been bred a haberdasher, at the express desire of old Annesly, and had all that patient dulness which qualifies for getting rich; which, therefore, in the eyes of his uncle, was the most estimable of all qualities. He had seldom seen Richard Annesly before; for indeed this last was not very solicitous of his acquaintance; he recollected his face, however, and, desiring him to sit down, informed him particularly of the settlement which his relentless father had made. "It was unlucky," said the haberdasher, "that you should have made choice of such a profession; but a parson, of all trades in the world, he could never endure. It is possible you may be low in

cash at this time: if you want a small matter to buy mournings, or so, I shall not scruple to advance you the needful; and I wish you would take them of neighbour Bullock, the woollen-draper, who is as honest a man as any of the trade, and would not impose on a child." Annesly's eyes had been hitherto fixed on the ground; nor was there wanting a tear in each for his unnatural father: he turned them on this cousin with as contemptuous a look as his nature allowed them to assume, and walked out of the house without uttering a word.

He was now thrown upon the world with the sentence of perpetual poverty for his inheritance. He found himself in the middle of a crowded street in London, surrounded by the buzzing sons of industry, and shrunk back at the sense of his own insignificance. In the faces of those he met, he saw no acknowledgment of connexion, and felt himself, like Cain af-

ter his brother's murder, an unsheltered, unfriended outcast. He looked back to his father's door; but his spirit was too mild for reproach—a tear dropped from his eye as he looked!

There was in London one person, whose gentle nature he knew would feel for his misfortunes; yet to that one, of all others, his pride forbade him to resort.

Harriet Wilkins was the daughter of a neighbour of his father's, who had for some time given up business, and lived on the interest of 4000l. which he had saved in the course of it. From this circumstance, his acquaintance, old Annesly, entertained no very high opinion of his understanding; and did not cultivate much friendship with a man whom he considered as a drone in the hive of society: but in this opinion, as in many others, his son had the misfortune to differ from him. He used frequently to steal into Wilkins's house of an evening, to enjoy the con-

versation of one who had passed through life with observation, and had known the labour of business, without that contraction of soul which it often occasions. Harriet was commonly of the party, listening with Annesly to her father's discourse, and with Annesly offering her remarks on it. She was not handsome enough to attract notice; but her look was of that complacent sort which gains on the beholder, and pleases from the acknowledgement that it is beneath admiration.

Nor was her mind ill suited to this "Index of the Soul." Without that brilliancy which excites the general applause, it possessed those inferior sweetnesses which acquire the general esteem; sincere, benevolent, inoffensive, and unassuming. Nobody talked of the sayings of Miss Wilkins; but every one heard her with pleasure, and her smile was the signal of universal complacency.

Annesly found himself insensibly at-

tached to her by a chain, which had been imposed without art, and suffered without consciousness. During his acquaintance with Harriet, he had come to that period of life, when men are most apt to be impressed with appearances; in fact, he had looked on many a beauty with a rapture which he thought sincere, till it was interrupted by the reflection that she was not Harriet Wilkins: there was a certain indefinable attraction which linked him every day closer to her, and artlessness of manner had the effect (which I presume, from their practice, few young ladies believe it to have) of securing the conquest she had gained.

From the wealth which old Annesly was known to possess, his son was, doubtless, in the phrase of the world, a very advantageous match for Miss Wilkins; but when her father discovered the young man to be serious in his attachment to ner, he frequently took occasion to sug-

gest, how unequal the small fortune he could leave his daughter was to the expectations of the son of a man worth 30,000l.; and with a frankness peculiar to himself, gave the father to understand, that his son's visits were rather more frequent than was consistent with that track of prudence which the old gentleman would probably mark out for him. The father, however, took little notice of this intelligence: the truth was, that, judging by himself, he gave very little credit to it; because it came from one, who, according to his conception of things, should, of all others, have concealed it from his knowledge.

But though his son had the most sincere attachment to Miss Wilkins, his present circumstances rendered it, in the language of prudence, impossible for them to marry. They contented themselves, therefore, with the assurance of each other's constancy, and waited for some favourable

change of condition which might allow them to be happy.

The first idea which struck Annesly's mind on the disappointment he suffered from his father's settlement, was the effect it would have on his situation with regard to Harriet. There is perhaps nothing more bitter in the lot of poverty, than the distance to which it throws a man from the woman he loves: that pride I have before taken notice of, which in every other circumstance tends to his support, serves but to wound him the deeper in this. That feeling now turned Annesly's feet from his Harriet's door; yet it was now that his Harriet seemed the more worthy of his love, in proportion as his circumstances rendered it hopeless. A train of soft reflexions at length banished this rugged guest from his heart—" 'Tis but taking a last farewell!" said he to himself, and trod back the steps which he had made.

He entered the room where Harriet was

sitting by her father, with a sort of diffidence of his reception that he was not able to hide; but Wilkins welcomed him in such a manner, as soon dissipated the restraint under which the thoughts of his poverty had laid him. "This visit, my dear Annesly," said he, "flatters me, because it shows you leaning on my friendship. I am not ignorant of your present situation, and I know the effect which prudent men will say it should have on myself; that I differ from them, may be the consequence of spleen perhaps, rather than generosity; for I have been at war with the world from a boy. Come hither, Harriet; this is Richard Annesly: his father, it is true, has left him 30,000l. poorer than it was once expected he would; but he is Richard Annesly still! you will therefore look upon him as you did before. I am not stoic enough to deny, that riches afford numberless comforts and conveniences which are denied to the poor; but

that riches are not essential to happiness, I know, because I have never yet found myself unhappy;—nor shall I now sleep unsound, from the consciousness of having added to the pressure of affliction, or wounded merit afresh, because fortune had already wounded it."

Liberal minds will delight in extending the empire of virtue; for my own part, I am happy to believe, that it is possible for an attorney to be honest, and a tradesman to think like Wilkins.

CHAP. II.

More introductory matter.

WILKINS having thus overlooked the want of fortune in his young friend, the lovers found but little hinderance to the completion of their wishes: Harriet became the wife of a poor man, who returned the obligation he owed to her and her father's generosity, by a tenderness and affection rarely found in wedlock; because there are few minds from whom, in reason, they can be expected.

His father-in-law, to whom indeed the sacrifice was but trifling, could not resist the joint request of his daughter and her husband, to leave the town, and make one of their family in the country. In somewhat less than a year, he was the grand-

father of a boy, and nearly at the same distance of time after, of a girl, both of whom, in his opinion, were cherubs; but even the gossips around them owned they had never seen more promising children. The felicity of their little circle was now, perhaps, as perfect as the lot of humanity admits; nor would it have been easy to have found a group, whose minds were better formed to deserve or attain it. Health, innocence, and good-humour, were of their household; and many an honest neighbour, who never troubled himself to account for it, talked of the goodness of Annesly's ale, and the chearfulness of his fire-side. I have been often admitted of the party, though I was too young for a companion to the seniors, and too old for a playfellow to the children; but no age, and often indeed no condition, excluded from a participation of their happiness; and I have seen little Billy, before he could speak to be well

cause it possesses, beyond all others, the best assured confidence, leaning on a basis that is fixed above the rotation of sublunary things. An old man, who has lived in the exercise of virtue, looking back, without a blush, on the tenor of his past days, and pointing to that better state, where alone he can be perfectly rewarded, is a figure the most venerable that can well be imagined: such did Wilkins now exhibit.

"My son," said he to Annesly, "I feel that I shall not be with you long; yet I leave not the world with that peevish disgust, which is sometimes mistaken for the courage that overcomes the dread of death: I lay down my being with gratitude, for having so long possessed it, without having disgraced it, by any great violation of the laws of Him by whom it was bestowed. There is something we cannot help feeling, on the fall of those hopes we had been vainly diligent to rear; I had look-

ed forward to some happy days, amidst a race of my Harriet's and yours; but to the good, there can be no reasonable regret from the disappointment of such expectations, because the futurity they trust in after death, must far exceed any enjoyment which a longer life here could have afforded. It is otherwise with the prospect of duty to be done; these two little ones I leave to your tenderness and care; you will value life, as it gives you an opportunity of forming them to virtue.—— Lay me beside my Harriet!"

The old man's prediction was but too well verified; he did not long survive this pathetic declaration. His son-in-law was now exposed, alone and unassisted, to the cares of the world, increased by the charge of his boy and girl; but the mind will support much, when called into exertion by the necessity of things. His sorrow yielded by degrees to the thoughts of that active duty he owed his children; in time

his fire-side was again cheered by their sports around it; and, though he sometimes looked upon them with a tear at the recollection of the past, yet would he as often wipe it from his eye, in silent gratitude to Heaven, for the enjoyment of the present, and the anticipation of the future.

CHAP. III.

The openings of two characters, with which the reader may afterwards be better acquainted.

His son had a warmth of temper, which the father often observed with mingled pleasure and regret; with pleasure, from considering the generosity and nobleness of sentiment it bespoke; with regret, from a foreboding of the many inconveniences to which its youthful possessor might naturally be exposed.

But Harriet was softness itself. The sprightliness of her gayest moments would be checked by the recital of the distress of a fellow-creature, and she would often weep all night from some tale which her maid had told of fictitious disaster. Her brother felt the representation of worth ill-treated, or virtue oppressed, with indig-

nation against the oppressor, and wished to be a man, that he might, like Jack the Giant-killer, gird on his sword of sharpness, and revenge the wrongs of the sufferer; while his sister pressed his hand in hers, and trembled for the danger to which she imagined him exposed; nay, she has been afterwards heard to cry out in her sleep, in a hurried voice, "You shall not go, my Billy, papa and I will die if you do!"

A trifling incident, of which I find an account in one of their father's letters, will discriminate their characters better than a train of the most laboured expression.

At the bottom of his garden ran a little rivulet, which was there dammed up to furnish water for a mill below. On the bank was a linnet's nest, which Harriet had discovered in her rambles, and often visited with uncommon anxiety for the callow brood it contained. One day her brother

and she were at play on the green at a little distance, attended by a servant of their father's, when a favourite terrier of Billy's happened to wander amongst the bushes where this nest was sheltered: Harriet, afraid of the consequences, begged the servant to run, and prevent his doing mischief to the birds. Just as the fellow came up, the dog had lighted on the bush, and surprised the dam, but was prevented from doing her much harm by the servant, who laid hold of him by the neck, and snatched his prey out of his mouth: the dog, resenting this rough usage, bit the man's finger till it bled, who, in return, bestowed a hearty drubbing upon him, without regarding the entreaties or the threats of his little master. Billy, enraged at the sufferings of his favourite, resolved to wreak his vengeance where it was in his power; and running up to the nest, threw it down, with all its unfledged in-

habitants, to the ground. "Cruel Billy!" cried his sister, while the tears ran down her cheeks. He turned sullenly from her, and walked up to the house, while she, with the man's assistance, gathered up the little flutterers, and having fastened the nest as well as she could, replaced them safely within it.

When she saw her brother again, he pouted, and would not speak to her; she endeavoured to regain his favour by kindness, but he refused her caresses; she sought out the dog who had suffered on her linnet's account, and stroking him on the head, fed him with some cold meat from her own hand: when her brother saw it, he called him away. She looked after Billy till he was gone, and then burst into tears.

Next day they were down at the rivulet again. Still was Harriet endeavouring to be reconciled, and still was her brother

averse to a reconciliation: he sat biting his thumb, and looking angrily to the spot where his favourite had been punished.

At that instant the linnet, in whose cause the quarrel had begun, was bringing out her younglings to their first imperfect flight, and two of them, unfortunately taking a wrong direction, fell short into the middle of the pool. Billy started from the ground, and without considering the depth, rushed into the water, where he was over head and ears the second step that he made. His sister's screams alarmed the servant, who ran to his assistance; but before he got to the place, the boy had reached a shallower part of the pool, and, though staggering from his first plunge, had saved both the linnets, which he held carefully above the water, and landed safely on the opposite bank. He returned to his sister

by a ford below, and, presenting her the birds, flung his arms round her neck, and, blubbering, asked her, if she would now forgive his unkindness.

Such were the minds which Annesly's tuition was to form. To repress the warmth of temerity, without extinguishing the generous principles from which it arose, and to give firmness to sensibility where it bordered on weakness, without searing its feelings where they led to virtue, was the task he had marked out for his industry to accomplish. He owned, that his plan was frequently interrupted on both sides by the tenderness of paternal affection; but he accustomed himself to remember, that, for his children, he was accountable to God and their country. Nor was the situation I have described without difficulties, from the delicacy of preventing inclinations in the extreme, which were laudable in degree; "but here also,"

said Annesly, "it is to be remembered, that no evil is so pernicious as that which grows in the soil from which good should have sprung."

CHAP. IV.

A very brief account of their education.

ANNESLY was not only the superintendant of his children's manners, but their master in the several branches of education. Reading, writing, arithmetic, the elements of mathematics and geography, with a competent knowledge of the French and Italian languages, they learned together; and while Billy was employed with his father in reading Latin and Greek, his sister received instruction in the female accomplishments, from a better sort of servant, whom Annesly kept for that purpose, whose station had once been superior to servitude, and whom he still treated more as a companion than a domestic. This instructress indeed she lost when

about ten years old; but the want was more than supplied by the assistance of another, to wit, Mrs Wistanly, who devoted many of her leisure hours to the daughter of Annesly, whom she had then got acquainted with, and whom reciprocal worth had attached to her with the sincerest friendship and regard. The dancing-master of a neighbouring town paid them a weekly visit for their instruction in the science he professed; at which time also were held their family concerts, where Annesly, who was esteemed in his youth a first-rate player on the violin, used to preside. Billy was an excellent second; Mrs Wistanly, or her pupil, undertook for the harpsichord; and the dancing-master played bass as well as he could. He was not a very capital performer, but he was always very willing; and found as much pleasure in his own performance as the best of them. Jack Ryland, too, would sometimes join in a catch, though indeed

he had but two,—*Christ-church-bells*, and *Jack thou'rt a toper;* and Annesly alleged that he was often out in the last, but Jack would never allow it.

Besides these, there were certain evenings appropriated to exercises of the mind. "It is not enough," said Annesly, "to put weapons into those hands which never have been taught the use of them; the reading we recommend to youth will store their minds with intelligence, if they attend to it properly; but to go a little farther, we must accustom them to apply it,—we must teach them the art of comparing the ideas with which it has furnished them." In this view it was the practice, at those stated times I have mentioned, for Billy, or his sister, to read a select passage of some classical author, on whose relations they delivered opinions, or on whose sentiments they offered a comment. Never was seen more satisfaction on a countenance, than used to enlighten

their father's, at the delivery of those observations, which his little philosophers were accustomed to make: indeed there could scarcely, even to a stranger, be a more pleasing exhibition; their very errors were delightful, because they were the errors of benevolence, generosity, and virtue.

As punishments are necessary in all societies, Annesly was obliged to invent some for the regulation of his: they consisted only of certain modifications of disgrace. One of them I shall mention, because it was exactly opposite to the practice of most of our schools: while there, offences are punished by doubling the task of the scholar; with Annesly, the getting of a lesson, or performing of an exercise, was a privilege, of which a forfeiture was incurred by misbehaviour; to teach his children, that he offered them instruction as a favour, instead of pressing it as a hardship.

Billy had a small part of his father's garden allotted him for his peculiar pro-

perty, in which he wrought himself, being furnished with no other assistance from the gardener than directions how to manage it, and parcels of the seeds which they enabled him to sow. When he had brought these to maturity, his father purchased the produce: Billy, with part of the purchase-money, was to lay in the stores necessary for his future industry, and the overplus he had the liberty of bestowing on charitable uses in the village. The same institution prevailed as to his sister's needle-work or embroidery. "For it is necessary," said Annesly, "to give an idea of property, but let it not be separated from the idea of beneficence."

Sometimes, when these sums were traced to their disbursements, it was found that Harriet's money did not always reach the village, but was intercepted by the piteous recital of a wandering beggar by the way; and that Billy used to appropriate part of his to purposes not purely eleemosynary; as, when he once parted

with two-thirds of his revenue, to reward a little boy for beating a big one, who had killed his tame sparrow; or another time, when he went the blameable length of comforting with a shilling a lad who had been ducked in a horse-pond, for robbing the orchard of a miser.

It was chiefly in this manner of instilling sentiments, (as in the case of the charitable establishment I have mentioned,) by leading insensibly to the practice of virtue, rather than by downright precept, that Annesly proceeded with his children; for it was his maxim, that the heart must feel, as well as the judgment be convinced, before the principles we mean to teach can be of habitual service; and that the mind will always be more strongly impressed with ideas which it is led to form of itself, than with those which it passively receives from another. When, at any time, he delivered instructions, they were always clothed in the garb ra-

ther of advices from a friend, than lectures from a father; and were listened to with the warmth of friendship, as well as the humility of veneration. It is in truth somewhat surprising, how little intimacy subsists between parents and their children, especially of our sex; a circumstance which must operate, in conjunction with their natural partiality, to keep the former in ignorance of the genius and disposition of the latter.

Besides all this, his children had the general advantage of a father's example: they saw the virtues he inculcated attended by all the consequences in himself, which he had promised them as their reward: piety in him was recompensed by peace of mind, benevolence by self-satisfaction, and integrity by the blessings of a good conscience.

But the time at last arrived, when his son was to leave those instructions, and that example, for the walks of more pub-

lic life: as he was intended, or, more properly speaking, seemed to have an inclination, for a learned profession, his father sent him, in his twentieth year, to receive the finishings of education necessary for that purpose, at one of the universities. Yet he had not, I have heard him say, the most favourable opinion of the general course of education there; but he knew, that a young man might there have an opportunity of acquiring much knowledge, if he were inclined to it; and that good principles might preserve him uncorrupted, even amidst the dangers of some surrounding dissipation: besides, he had an additional inducement to this plan, from the repeated request of a distant relation, who filled an office of some consequence at Oxford, and had expressed a very earnest desire to have his young kinsman sent thither, and placed under his own immediate inspection.

Before he set out for that place, Annes-

ly, though he had a sufficient confidence in his son, yet thought it not improper to mark out to him some of those errors to which the unexperienced are liable: he was not wont, as I have before observed, to press instruction upon his children; but the young man himself seemed to expect it, with the solicitude of one who ventured, not without anxiety, to leave that road, where the hand of a parent and friend had hitherto guided him in happiness and safety. The substance of what he delivered to his son and daughter, (for she too was an auditor of his discourses,) I have endeavoured to collect from some of the papers Mrs Wistanly put into my hands; and to arrange, as far as it seemed arrangeable, in the two following chapters.

It will not, however, after all, have a perfectly connected appearance; because, I imagine, it was delivered at different times, as occasion invited, or leisure al-

lowed him; but its tendency appeared to be such, that, even under these disadvantages, I could not forbear inserting it.

CHAP. V.

Paternal instructions.—Of suspicion and confidence.—Ridicule.—Religion.—True pleasure.—Caution to the female sex.

"You are now leaving us, my son," said Annesly, "to make your entrance into the world: for, though from the pale of a college, the bustle of ambition, the plodding of business, and the tinsel of gaiety, are supposed to be excluded; yet as it is the place where the persons that are to perform in those several characters often put on the dresses of each, there will not be wanting, even there, those qualities that distinguish in all. I will not shock your imagination with the picture which some men, retired from its influence, have drawn of the world; nor warn you against

enormities, into which, I should equally affront your understanding and your feelings, did I suppose you capable of falling. Neither would I arm you with that suspicious caution, which young men are sometimes advised to put on: they who always suspect will often be mistaken, and never be happy. Yet there is a wide distinction between the confidence which becomes a man, and the simplicity that disgraces a fool: he who never trusts is a niggard of his soul, who starves himself, and by whom no other is enriched; but he who gives every one his confidence, and every one his praise, squanders the fund that should serve for the encouragement of integrity, and the reward of excellence.

"In the circles of the world your notice may be frequently attracted by objects glaring, not useful; and your attachment won to characters, whose surfaces are showy, without intrinsic value: in

such circumstances, be careful not always to impute knowledge to the appearance of acuteness, or give credit to opinions according to the confidence with which they are urged. In the more important articles of belief or conviction, let not the flow of ridicule be mistaken for the force of argument. Nothing is so easy as to excite a laugh, at that time of life when seriousness is held to be an incapacity of enjoying it; and no wit so futile, or so dangerous, as that which is drawn from the perverted attitudes of what is in itself momentous. There are in most societies a set of self-important young men, who borrow consequence from singularity, and take precedency in wisdom from the unfeeling use of the ludicrous: this is at best a shallow quality; in objects of eternal moment, it is poisonous to society. I will not now, nor could you then, stand forth armed at all points to repel the attacks which they may make on the great prin-

sex: let it be her care that, for her own honour, it may be false as to her. Look on those men, my child, even in their gayest and most alluring garb, as creatures dangerous to the peace, and destructive of the welfare, of society; look on them as you would on a beautiful serpent, whose mischief we may not forget while we admire the beauties of its skin. I marvel indeed how the pride of the fair can allow them to show a partiality to him, who regards them as beings merely subservient to his pleasure, in whose opinion they have lost all that dignity which excites reverence, and that excellence which creates esteem.

"Be accustomed, my love, to think respectfully of yourself; it is the error of the gay world to place your sex in a station somewhat unworthy of a reasonable creature; and the individuals of ours, who address themselves to you, think it a necessary ingredient in their discourse,

that it should want every solid property with which sense and understanding would invest it. The character of a female pedant is undoubtedly disgusting; but it is much less common than that of a trifling or an ignorant woman: the intercourse of the sex is, in this respect, advantageous, that each has a desire to please, mingled with a certain deference for the other; let not this purpose be lost on one side, by its being supposed, that, to please yours, we must speak something, in which fashion has sanctified folly, and ease lent her garb to insignificance. In general it should never be forgotten, that, though life has its venial trifles, yet they cease to be innocent when they encroach upon its important concerns; the mind that is often employed about little things, will be rendered unfit for any serious exertion; and, though temporary relaxations may recruit its strength, habitual vacancy will destroy it."

CHAP. VI.

In continuation.—Of knowledge.—Knowledge of the world.—Politeness.—Honour.—Another rule of action suggested.

"As the mind may be weakened by the pursuit of trivial matters, so its strength may be misled in deeper investigations.

"It is a capital error in the pursuit of knowledge, to suppose that we are never to believe what we cannot account for. There is no reason why we should not attempt to understand every thing: but to own in some instances our limited knowledge, is a piece of modesty in which lies the truest wisdom.

"Let it be our care, that our effort in its tendency is *useful*, and our effort need not be repressed; for he who attempts the

impossible, will often atchieve the extremely difficult; but the pride of knowledge often labours to gain, what if gained would be useless, and wastes exertion upon objects that have been left unattained from their futility. Men possessed of this desire, you may perhaps find, my son, in that seat of science whither you are going: but remember, that what claims our wonder does not always merit our regard; and in knowledge and philosophy be careful to distinguish, that the purpose of research should ever be fixed on making simple what is abstruse, not abstruse what is simple; and that difficulty in acquisition will no more sanctify its inexpediency, than the art of tumblers, who have learned to stand on their heads, will prove that to be the proper posture for man.

"There is a pedantry in being master of paradoxes contrary to the common opinions of mankind, which is equally disgust-

ing to the illiterate and the learned. The peasant, who enjoys the beauty of the tulip, is equally delighted with the philosopher, though he knows not the powers of the rays from which its colours are derived; and the boy who strikes a ball with his racket, is as certain whither it will be driven by the blow, as if he were perfectly conversant in the dispute about matter and motion. Vanity of our knowledge is generally found in the first stages of its acquirement, because we are then looking back to that rank we have left, of such as know nothing at all. Greater advances cure us of this, by pointing our view to those above us; and when we reach the summit, we begin to discover, that human knowledge is so imperfect, as not to warrant any vanity upon it. In particular arts, beware of that affectation of speaking technically, by which ignorance is often disguised, and knowledge disgraced. They who are really skilful

in the principles of science, will acquire the veneration only of shallow minds by talking scientifically; for, to simplify expression, is always the effect of the deepest knowledge, and the clearest discernment. On the other hand, there may be many who possess taste, though they have not attained skill; who, if they will be contented with the expression of their own feelings, without labouring to keep up the borrowed phrase of erudition, will have their opinions respected by all whose suffrages are worthy of being gained. The music, the painting, the poetry of the passions, is the property of every one who has a heart to be moved; and though there may be particular modes of excellence which national or temporary fashions create, yet that standard will ever remain, which alone is common to all.

"The ostentation of learning is indeed always disgusting in the intercourse of so-

ciety; for even the benefit of instruction received cannot allay the consciousness of inferiority, and remarkable parts more frequently attract admiration than procure esteem. To bring forth knowledge agreeably, as well as usefully, is perhaps very difficult for those who have attained it in the secluded walks of study and speculation, and is an art seldom found but in men who have likewise acquired some knowledge of the world.

"I would, however, distinguish between that knowledge of the world that fits us for intercourse with the better part of mankind, and that which we gain by associating with the worst.

"But there is a certain learned rust which men as well as metals acquire; it is, simply speaking, a blemish in both; the social feelings grow callous from disuse, and we lose that spring of little affections, which sweeten the cup of life as we drink it.

"Even the ceremonial of the world, shal-

low as it may appear, is not without its use; it may indeed take from the warmth of friendship, but it covers the coldness of indifference; and if it has repressed the genuine overflowings of kindness, it has smothered the turbulence of passion and animosity.

"Politeness, taught as an art, is ridiculous; as the expression of liberal sentiment and courteous manners, it is truly valuable. There is a politeness of the heart, which is confined to no rank, and dependent upon no education; the desire of obliging, which a man possessed of this quality will universally show, seldom fails of pleasing, though his style may differ from that of modern refinement. I knew a man in London, of the gentlest manners, and of the most winning deportment, whose eye was ever brightened with the smiles of good-humour, and whose voice was mellowed with the tones

of complacency;—and this man was a blacksmith!

"The falsehood of politeness is often pleaded for, as unavoidable in the commerce of mankind; yet I would have it as little indulged as possible. There is a frankness without rusticity, an openness of manner, prompted by good-humour, but guided by delicacy, which some are happy enough to possess, that engages every worthy man, and gives not offence even to those, whose good opinion, though of little estimation, it is the business of prudence not wantonly to lose.

"The circles of the gay, my children, would smile to hear me talk of qualities which my retired manner of life has allowed me so little opportunity of observing; but true good-breeding is not confined within those bounds to which their pedantry (if I may use the expression) would restrict it; true good-breeding is the sister of phi-

lanthropy, with feelings perhaps not so serious or tender, but equally inspired by a fineness of soul, and open to the impressions of social affection.

"As politeness is the rule of the world's manners, so has it erected *Honour* the standard of its morality; but its dictates too frequently depart from wisdom with respect to ourselves, from justice and humanity with respect to others. Genuine honour is undoubtedly the offspring of both; but there has arisen a counterfeit, who, as he is more boastful and showy, has more attracted the notice of gaiety and grandeur. Generosity and courage are the virtues he boasts of possessing; but his generosity is a fool, and his courage a murderer.

"The punctilios, indeed, on which he depends, for his own peace, and the peace of society, are so ridiculous in the eye of reason, that it is not a little surprising, how so many millions of reasonable be-

ings should have sanctified them with their mutual consent and acquiescence; that they should have agreed to surround the seats of friendship, and the table of festivity, with so many thorns of inquietude, and snares of destruction.

"You will probably hear, my son, very frequent applause bestowed on men of nice and jealous honour, who suffer not the smallest affront to pass unquestioned, or unrevenged; but do not imagine that the character which is most sacredly guarded, is always the most unsullied in reality, nor allow yourself to envy a reputation for that sort of valour which supports it. Think how uneasily that man must pass his time, who sits like a spider in the midst of his feeling web, ready to catch the minutest occasion for quarrel and resentment. There is often more real pusillanimity in the mind that starts into opposition where none is necessary, than in him who overlooks the wanderings of

some unguarded act or expression, as not of consequence enough to challenge indignation or revenge. I am aware, that the young and high-spirited will say, that men can only judge of actions, and that they will hold as cowardice, the blindness I would recommend to affront or provocation; but there is a steady coolness and possession of one's self, which this principle will commonly bestow, equally remote from the weakness of fear, and the discomposure of anger, which gives to its possessor a station that seldom fails of commanding respect, even from the ferocious votaries of sanguinary *Honour*.

" But some principle is required to draw a line of action, above the mere precepts of moral equity,

" Beyond the fixt and settled rules;"

and for this purpose is instituted the motive of *Honour* :—there is another at hand, which the substitution of this phan-

[illegible] too often destroys—it is *Conscience* —whose voice, were it not stifled, (sometimes by this very false and spurious [illegible], would lead directly to that liberal construction of the rules of morality which is here contended for. "Let my children never suffer this monitor to speak unheeded, nor drown its whispers, amidst the din of pleasure, or the bustle of life. Consider it as the representative of that Power who spake the soul into being, and in whose disposal existence is! To listen therefore to his unwritten law, which he promulgates by its voice, has every sanction which his authority can give. It were enough to say that we are mortal:—but the argument is irresistible, when we remember our immortality."

CHAP. VII.

Introducing a new and capital Character.

It was thus the good man instructed his children.

But, behold! the enemy came in the night, and sowed tares!

Such an enemy had the harmless family of which Annesly was the head. It is ever to be regretted, that mischief is seldom so weak but that worth may be stung by it; in the present instance, however, it was supported by talents misapplied, and ingenuity perverted.

Sir Thomas Sindall enjoyed an estate of 5000l. a year in Annesly's parish. His father left him, when but a child, possessed of an estate to the amount we have just mentioned, and of a very large sum of-

money besides, which his œconomy had saved him from its produce. His mother, though a very good woman, was a very bad parent; she loved her son, as too many mothers do, with that instinctive affection which nature has bestowed on the lowest rank of creatures. She loved him as her son, though he inherited none of her virtues; and, because she happened to have no other child, she reared this in such a manner, as was most likely to prevent the comfort he might have afforded herself, and the usefulness of which he might have been to society. In short, he did what he liked, at first, because his spirit should not be confined too early; and afterwards he did what he liked, because it was past being confined at all.

But his temper was not altogether of that fiery kind, which some young men, so circumstanced, and so educated, are possessed of. There was a degree of pru-

dence, which grew up with him from a boy, that tempered the sallies of passion, to make its object more sure in the acquisition. When at school, he was always the conductor of mischief, though he did not often participate in its execution; and his carriage to his master was such, that he was a favourite without any abilities as a scholar, and acquired a character for regularity, while his associates were daily flogged for transgressions, which he had guided in their progress, and enjoyed the fruits of in their completion. There sometimes arose suspicions of the reality; but even those who discovered them mingled a certain degree of praise with their censure, and prophesied, that he would be *A Man of the World.*

As he advanced in life, he fashioned his behaviour to the different humours of the gentlemen in the neighbourhood: he hunted with the fox-hunters through the day, and drank with them in the evening.

With these he diverted himself at the expence of the sober prigs, as he termed them, who looked after the improvement of their estates when it was fair, and read a book within doors when it rained; and to-morrow he talked on farming with this latter class, and ridiculed the hunting phrases, and boisterous mirth of his yesterday's companions. They were well-pleased to laugh at one another, while he laughed in his sleeve at both. This was sometimes discovered, and people were going to be angry—but somebody said in excuse, that Sindall was *A Man of the World.*

While the Oxford terms lasted, (to which place he had gone in the course of modern education,) there were frequent reports in the country of the dissipated life he led: it was even said, that he had disappeared from college for six weeks together, during which time he was suspected of having taken a trip to London with another

man's wife; this was only mentioned in a whisper; it was loudly denied; people doubted at first, and shortly forgot it. Some little extravagancies they said he might have been guilty of. It was impossible for a man of two-and-twenty to seclude himself altogether from company; and you could not look for the temperance of a hermit in a young baronet of 5000l. a year. It is indispensable for such a man to come forth into life a little; with 5000l. a year, one must be *A Man of the World.*

His first tutor, whose learning was as extensive as his manners were pure, left him in disgust: sober people wondered at this; but he was soon provided with another, with whom he had got acquainted at Oxford; one whom every body declared to be much fitter for the tuition of young Sindall; being, like his pupil, *A Man of the World.*

But though his extravagance in squandering money, under the tuition of this

gentleman, was frequently complained of, yet it was found that he was not altogether thoughtless of its acquisition. Upon the sale of an estate in his neighbourhood, it was discovered that a very advantageous mortgage, which had stood in the name of another, had been really transacted for the benefit of young Sindall. His prudent friends plumed themselves upon this intelligence; and, according to their use of the phrase, began to hope, that, after sowing his wild oats, Sir Thomas would turn out *A Man of the World.*

CHAP. VIII.

The Footing on which he stood with Annesly and his Family.

THOUGH such a man as we have described might be reckoned a valuable acquaintance by many, he was otherwise reckoned by Annesly: he had heard enough (though he had heard but part) of his character, to consider him as a dangerous neighbour; but it was impossible to avoid sometimes seeing him, from whose father he had got the living which he now occupied. There is no tax so heavy on a little man, as an acquaintance with a great one. Annesly had found this in the lifetime of Sir William Sindall. He was one of those whom the general voice pronounces to be a good sort of man, under

which denomination I never look for much sense, or much delicacy. In fact, the baronet possessed but little of either: he lived hospitably for his own sake, as well as that of his guests, because he liked a good dinner and a bottle of wine after it; and in one part of hospitality he excelled, which was, the faculty of making every body drunk, that had not uncommon fortitude to withstand his attacks. Annesly's cloth protected him from this last inconvenience; but it often drew from Sir William a set of jests, which his memory had enabled him to retain, and had passed through the heirs of his family, like their estate, down from the days of that monarch of facetious memory, Charles the Second.

Though to a man of Annesly's delicacy all this could not but be highly disagreeable, yet gratitude made him Sir William's guest often enough to shew that he had not forgot that attention which his past favours demanded; and Sir William re-

collected them from another motive; to wit, that they gave a sanction to those liberties he sometimes used with him who had received them. This might have been held sufficient to have cancelled the obligation; but Annesly was not wont to be directed by the easiest rules of virtue; the impression still remained, and it even descended to the son after the death of the father.

Sindall, therefore, was a frequent guest at his house; and, though it might have been imagined, that the dissipated mind of a young man of his fortune would have found but little delight in Annesly's humble shed, yet he seemed to enjoy its simplicity with the highest relish; he possessed indeed that pliancy of disposition, that could wonderfully accommodate himself to the humour of every one around him; and he so managed matters in his visits to Annesly, that this last began to imagine the reports he had heard concerning him, to

be either entirely false, or at least aggravated much beyond truth.

From what motive soever Sindall began these visits, he soon discovered a very strong inducement to continue them. Harriet Annesly was now arrived at the size, if not the age, of womanhood; and possessed an uncommon degree of beauty and elegance of form. In her face, joined to the most perfect symmetry of features, was a melting expression, suited to that sensibility of soul with which we have mentioned her to be endowed. In her person, rather above the common size, she exhibited a degree of ease and gracefulness which nature alone had given, and art was not allowed to diminish. Upon such a woman Sindall could not look with indifference; and according to his principles of libertinism, he had marked her as a prey, which his situation gave him opportunities of pursuing, and which one day he could not fail to possess.

In the course of his acquaintance he began to discover, that the softness of her soul was distant from simplicity, and that much art would be necessary to overcome a virtue, which the hand of a parent had carefully fortified. He assumed therefore the semblance of those tender feelings, which were most likely to gain the esteem of the daughter, while he talked with that appearance of candour and principle, which he thought necessary to procure him the confidence of the father. He would frequently confess, with a sigh, that his youth had been sometimes unwarily drawn into error; then grasp Annesly's hand, and looking earnestly in his face, beg him to strengthen, by his counsel, the good resolutions which, he thanked heaven, he had been enabled to make. Upon the whole, he continued to gain such a degree of estimation with the family, that the young folks spoke of his seeming good

qualities with pleasure, and their father mentioned his supposed foibles with regret.

CHAP. IX.

Young Annesly goes to Oxford—The Friendship of Sindall—Its Consequences.

UPON its being determined that young Annesly should go to Oxford, Sir Thomas showed him remarkable kindness and attention. He conducted him thither in his own carriage; and as his kinsman, to whose charge he was committed, happened accidentally to be for some time unable to assign him an apartment in his house, Sindall quitted his own lodging to accommodate him. To a young man newly launched into life, removed from the only society he had ever known, to another composed of strangers, such assiduity of notice could not but be highly pleasing; and in his letters to his father, he did not

fail to set forth, in the strongest manner, the obligations he had to Sir Thomas. His father, whom years had taught wisdom, but whose warmth of gratitude they had not diminished, felt the favour as acutely as his son; nor did the foresight of meaner souls arise in his breast to abate its acknowledgment.

The hopes which he had formed of his Billy were not disappointed. He very soon distinguished himself in the university for learning and genius; and in the correspondence of his kinsman were recited daily instances of the notice which his parts attracted. But his praise was cold in comparison with Sindall's: he wrote to Annesly of his young friend's acquirement and abilities, in a strain of enthusiastic encomium; and seemed to speak the language of his own enjoyment, at the applause of others, which he repeated. It was on this side that Annesly's soul was accessible; for on this

side lay that pride which is the weakness of all. On this side did Sindall overcome it.

From those very qualities also which he applauded in the son, he derived the temptation with which he meant to seduce him; for such was the plan of exquisite mischief he had formed; besides the common desire of depravity to make proselytes from innocence, he considered the virtue of the brother as that structure, on the ruin of which he was to accomplish the conquest of the sister's. He introduced him therefore into the company of some of the most artful of his own associates, who loudly echoed the praises he lavished on his friend, and showed, or pretended to show, that value for his acquaintance, which was the strongest recommendation of their own. The diffidence which Annesly's youth and inexperience had at first laid upon his mind, they removed by the encouragement which their

approbation of his opinions bestowed; and he found himself indebted to them both for an ease of delivering his sentiments, and the reputation which their suffrages conferred upon him.

For all this, however, they expected a return; and Annesly had not fortitude to deny it—an indulgence for some trivial irregularities, which they now and then permitted to appear in their conversation. At first their new acquaintance took no notice of them at all; he found that he could not approve, and it would have hurt him to condemn. By degrees he began to allow them his laugh, though his soul was little at ease under the gaity which his features assumed—once or twice when the majority against him appeared to be small, he ventured to argue, though with a caution of giving offence, against some of the sentiments he heard. Upon these occasions Sindall artfully joined him in the argument; but they were always over-

come. He had to deal with men who were skilled, by a mere act of the memory, in all the sophisms which voluptuaries have framed to justify the unbounded pursuit of pleasure; and those who had not learning to argue, had assurance to laugh. Yet Annesly's conviction was not changed; but the edge of his abhorrence to vice was blunted; and though his virtue kept her post, she found herself galled in maintaining it.

It was not till some time after, that they ventured to solicit his participation of their pleasures; and it was not till after many solicitations that his innocence was overcome. But the progress of their victories was rapid after his first defeat. And he shortly attained the station of experienced vice, and began to assume a superiority from the undauntedness with which he practised it.

But it was necessary, the while, to deceive that relation under whose inspec-

tion his father had placed him; in truth, it was no very hard matter to deceive him. He was a man of that abstracted disposition, that is seldom conversant with any thing around it. Simplicity of manners was, in him, the effect of an apathy in his constitution, (encreased by constant study,) that was proof against all violence of passion or desire; and he thought, if he thought of the matter at all, that all men were like himself, whose indolence could never be overcome by the pleasure of pursuit, or the joys of attainment. Besides all this, Mr Lumley, that tutor of Sindall's whom we have formerly mentioned, was a man the best calculated in the world for lulling his suspicions asleep, if his nature had ever allowed them to arise. This man, whose parts were of that pliable kind that easily acquire a superficial knowledge of every thing, possessed the talent of hypocrisy as deeply as the desire of pleasure; and while in

reality he was the most profligate of men, he had that command of passion, which never suffered it to intrude where he could wish it concealed; he preserved, in the opinion of Mr Jephson, the gravity of a studious and contemplative character, which was so congenial to his own: and he would often rise from a metaphysical discussion with the old gentleman, leaving him in admiration of the depth of his reading, and the acuteness of his parts, to join the debauch of Sindall and his dissolute companions.

By his assistance, therefore, Annesly's dissipation was effectually screened from the notice of his kinsman; Jephson was even prevailed on, by false suggestions, to write to the country continued encomiums on his sobriety and application to study; and the father, who was happy in believing him, enquired no farther.

CHAP. X.

A very gross attempt is made on Annesly's honour.

SINDALL having brought the mind of his proselyte to that conformity of sentiment to which he had thus laboured to reduce it, ventured to discover to him the passion he had conceived for his sister. The occasion, however, on which he discovered it, was such a one as he imagined gave him some title to be listened to.

Annesly had an allowance settled on him by his father, rather in truth above what his circumstances might warrant with propriety; but as the feelings of the good man's heart were, in every virtuous purpose, somewhat beyond the limitations of his fortune, he inclined rather to

pinch himself, than to stop any channel through which advantage might flow to his son; and meant his education and his manners to be in every respect liberal and accomplished.

But this allowance ill sufficed to gratify the extravagance which his late connection had taught him; he began very soon to know a want which he had never hitherto experienced: at first, this not only limited his pleasures, but began to check the desire of them, and in some measure served to awaken that sense of contrition, which their rotation had before overcome. But Sindall took care that he should not be thus left to reflection; and as soon as he guessed the cause, prevented its continuance by an immediate supply, offered, and indeed urged, with all the open warmth of disinterested friendship. From being accustomed to receive, Annesly at last overcame the shame of asking, and applied repeatedly for sums,

under the denomination of loans, for the payment of which he could only draw upon contingency. His necessities were the more frequent, as, amongst other arts of pleasure which he had lately acquired, that of gaming had not been omitted.

Having one night lost a sum considerably above what he was able to pay, to a member of their society with whom he was in no degree of intimacy, he gave him his note payable the next morning, (for this was the regulated limitation of their credit,) though he knew that to-morrow would find him as poor as to-night. On these particular occasions, when his hours would have been so highly irregular, that they could not escape the censure of Mr Jephson, or his family, he used to pretend, that, for the sake of disentangling some point of study with Sindall and his tutor, he had passed the night with them at their lodgings, and what small portion of it was allowed for

sleep he did actually spend there. After this loss, therefore, he accompanied Sindall home, and could not, it may well be supposed, conceal from him the chagrin it occasioned. His friend, as usual, advanced him money for discharging the debt. Annesly, who never had had occasion to borrow so much from him before, expressed his sorrow at the necessity which his honour laid him under, of accepting so large a sum. "Poh!" answered Sindall, "'tis but a trifle, and what a man must now and then lose to be thought genteelly of." "Yes, if his fortune can afford it," said the other, gloomily. "Ay, there's the rub," returned his friend; "that fortune should have constituted an inequality where nature made none. How just is the complaint of Jaffier,

Tell me why, good Heaven!
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,
Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires,
That fill the happiest man?

That such should be the lot of my friend, I can regret—thanks to my better stars, I can more than regret it. What is the value of this dross, (holding a handful of gold,) but to make the situation of merit level with its deservings? Yet, believe me, there are wants which riches cannot remove, desires which sometimes they cannot satisfy; even at this moment, your seeming happy Sindall, in whose lap fortune has poured her blessings, has his cares, my Annesly, has his inquietudes, which need the hand of friendship to comfort and to soothe."

Annesly, with all the warmth of his nature, insisted on partaking his uneasiness, that if he could not alleviate, he might at least condole with his distress.

Sindall embraced him; "I know your friendship," said he, "and I will put it to the proof. You have a sister, the lovely, the adorable Harriet; she has robbed me

of that peace which the smile of fortune cannot restore, as her frown has been unable to take away ! Did you know the burning of this bosom ! but I speak unthinkingly what perhaps my delicacy should not have whispered, even in the ear of friendship. Pardon me—the ardour of a love like mine may be forgiven some extravagance."

Annesly's eyes sufficiently testified his inward satisfaction at this discovery; but he recollected the dignity which his situation required, and replied calmly, " That he pretended no guidance of his sister's inclinations; that his own gratitude for Sir Thomas's favours he had ever loudly declared; and that he knew his sister felt enough on his account, to make the introduction of her brother's friend a more than usually favourable one."

" But my situation," returned Sindall, " is extremely particular; you have heard my

opinions on the score of love often declared; and, trust me, they are the genuine sentiments of my heart. The trammels of form, which the unfeeling custom of the world has thrown upon the freedom of mutual affection, are insupportable to that fineness of soul, to which restraint and happiness are terms of opposition. Let my mistress be my mistress still, with all the privileges of a wife, without a wife's indifference, or a wife's disquiet.—My fortune the property of her and her friends; but that liberty alone reserved, which is the strongest bond of the affection she should wish to possess from me."—He looked stedfastly in Annesly's face, which by this time began to assume every mark of resentment and indignation. He eyed him askant with an affected smile:—"You smile, Sir," said Annesly, whose breath was stifled by the swelling of his heart.—Sindall laughed aloud: "I am a wretched hypocrite," said he, "and could contain

myself no longer." "So you were but in jest, it seems," replied the other, settling his features into a dry composure. "My dear Annesly," returned he, "had you but seen the countenance this trial of mine gave you, it would have made a picture worthy of the gallery of Florence. I wanted to have a perfect idea of surprise, indignation, struggling friendship, and swelling honour, and I think I succeeded.—But I keep you from your rest—Good-night."—And he walked out of the room.

Annesly had felt too much to be able to resign himself speedily to rest: he could not but think this joke of his friend rather a serious one; yet he had seen him sometimes carry this species of wit to a very extraordinary length; but the indelicacy of the present instance was not to be easily accounted for—he doubted, believed, was angry, and pacified by turns; the remembrance of his favours arose; they arose at

first in a form that added to the malignity of the offence; then the series in which they had been bestowed, seemed to plead on the other side. At last, when worn by the fighting of contrary emotions, he looked forward to the consequences of a rupture with Sindall; the pleasures of that society of which he was the leader, the habitual tie which it had got on Annesly's soul prevailed; for he had by this time lost that satisfaction which was wont to flow from himself. He shut his mind against the suggestions of any further suspicion, and, with that winking cowardice, which many mistake for resolution, was resolved to trust him for his friend, whom it would have hurt him to consider as an enemy.

Sindall, on the other hand, discovered, that the youth was not so entirely at his disposal as he had imagined him; and that though he was proselyte enough to be wicked, he must be led a little farther to be useful.

CHAP. XI.

Annesly gives farther proofs of depravity of manners.—The effect it has on his Father, and the consequences with regard to his connexion with Sindall.

To continue that train of dissipation in which their pupil had been initiated, was the business of Sindall and his associates. Though they contrived, as we have before mentioned, to escape the immediate notice of Mr Jephson, yet the eyes of others could not be so easily blinded: the behaviour of Annesly began to be talked of for its irregularity; and the more so, for the change which it had undergone from that simplicity of manners which he had brought with him to Oxford. And some one, whether from regard to him,

or what other motive I know not, informed his kinsman of what every one but his kinsman suspected.

Upon this information, he gave the young man a lecture in the usual terms of admonition; but an effort was always painful to him, even where the office was more agreeable than that of reproof. He had recourse therefore to the assistance of his fellow philosopher Mr Lumley, whom he informed of the accounts he had received of Annesly's imprudence, and intreated to take the proper measures, from his influence with the young gentleman, to make him sensible of the impropriety of his past conduct, and to prevent its continuance for the future.

Lumley expressed his surprise at this intelligence, with unparalleled command of features; regretted the too prevailing dissipation of youth, affected to doubt the truth of the accusation, but promised, at the same time, to make the proper in-

quiries into the fact, and take the most prudent method of preventing a consequence so dangerous, as that of drawing from the road of his duty, one whom he believed to be possessed of so many good qualities as Mr Annesly.

Whether Mr Lumley employed his talents towards his reformation or degeneracy, it is certain that Annesly's conduct betrayed many marks of the latter: at last, in an hour of intoxication, having engaged in a quarrel with one of his companions, it produced consequences so notorious, that the proctor could not fail to take notice of it; and that officer of the university having interposed his authority, in a manner which the humour of Annesly, inflammable as it then was, could not brook, he broke forth into some extravagances so personally offensive, that when the matter came to be canvassed, nothing short of expulsion was talked of as a punishment for the offence.

It was then that Mr Jephson first informed his father of those irregularities which his son had been guilty of. His father indeed, from the discontinuance of that gentleman's correspondence much beyond the usual time, had begun to make some unfavourable conjectures; but he accounted for this neglect from many different causes; and when once his ingenuity had taken that side of the argument, it quickly found means to convince him, that his kinsman's silence could not be imputed to any fault of his son.

It was at the close of one of their solitary meals, that this account of Jephson's happened to reach Annesly and his daughter. Harriet never forgot her Billy's health, and she had now filled her father's glass to the accustomed pledge, when the servant brought them a letter with the Oxford mark on it. "Read it, my love," said Annesly, with a smile, while he began to blame his suspicions at the silence of

his kinsman. Harriet began reading accordingly, but she had scarce got through the first sentence, when the matter it contained rendered her voice inarticulate. Her father took the letter out of her hand, and, after perusing it, he put it in his pocket, keeping up a look of composure amidst the anguish with which his heart was wrung. "Alas!" said Harriet, "what has my brother done?" He pressed her involuntarily to his bosom, and it was then that he could not restrain his tears—"Your brother, my love, has forgotten the purity which here is happiness, and I fear has ill exchanged it for what the world calls pleasure; but this is the first of his wanderings, and we will endeavour to call him back into the path he has left. Reach me the pen, ink, and paper, my love."—"I will go," said she, sobbing, "and pray for him the while." Annesly sat down to write.—"My dearest boy!"—'twas a movement grown mechanical to his pen

—he dasht through the words, and a tear fell on the place;—ye know not, ye who revel in the wantonness of dissipation, and scoff at the solicitude of parental affection! ye know not the agony of such a tear; else—ye are men, and it were beyond the depravity of nature.

It was not till after more than one blotted scrawl, that he was able to write, what the man might claim, and the parent should approve. The letter which he at last determined to send was of the following tenor:

"My son,

"With anguish I write what I trust will be read with contrition. I am not skilled in the language of rebuke; and it was once my pride to have such a son, that I needed not to acquire it. If he has not lost the feelings by which the silent sorrows of a father's heart are understood, I shall have no need of words to recal him from that conduct by which

they are caused. In the midst of what he will now term pleasure, he may have forgotten the father and the friend; let this tear, with which my paper is blotted, awaken his remembrance; it is not the first I have shed; but it is the first which flowed from my affliction mingled with disgrace. Had I been only weeping for my son, I should have found some melancholy comfort to support me; while I blush for him, I have no consolation.

"But the future is yet left to him and to me; let the reparation be immediate, as the wrong was great; that the tongue which speaks of your shame may be stopt with the information of your amendment."

He had just finished this letter when Harriet entered the room: "Will my dear papa forgive me," said she, "if I inclose a few lines under this cover?"—"Forgive you, my dear! it cannot offend me." She laid her hand on his letter, and looked as if she would have said some-

thing more; he pressed her hand in his; a tear which had just budded in her eye, now dropped to the ground. "You have not been harsh to my Billy:" she blushed as she spoke; and her father kissed her cheek as it blushed.—She inclosed the following note to her brother:

"Did my dearest Billy but know the sorrow which he has given the most indulgent of fathers, he could not less than his Harriet regret the occasion of it.

"But things may be represented worse than they really are—I am busy at framing excuses; but I will say nothing more on a subject, which, by this time, my brother must have thought enough on.

"Alas! that you should leave this seat of innocent delight; but men were made for bustle and society: yet we might have been happy here together: there are in other hearts, wishes which they call ambition; mine shrinks at the thought, and would shelter for ever amidst the sweets

of this humble spot. Would that its partner were here to taste them! the shrub-walk, you marked out through the little grove, I have been careful to trim in your absence—'tis wild, melancholy, and thoughtful. It is there that I think most of my Billy.

"But at this time, besides his absence, there is another cause to allay the pleasure which the beauties of nature should bestow. My dear papa is far from being well. He has no fixed complaint; but he looks thin and pale, and his appetite is almost entirely gone; yet he will not let me say that he ails: oh! my brother! I dare not think more that way. Would you were here to comfort me; in the mean time remember your ever affectionate,

HARRIET."

Annesly was just about to dispatch these letters, when he received one expressed in the most sympathizing terms

from Sir Thomas Sindall. That young gentleman, after touching, in the tenderest manner, on the pain which a father must feel for the errors of his children, administered the only comfort that was left to administer, by representing, that young Annesly's fault had been exaggerated much beyond the truth, and that it was entirely owing to the effects of a warm temper, accidentally inflamed with liquor, and provoked by some degree of insolence in the officer to whom the outrage had been offered: he particularly regretted, that his present disposition towards sobriety had prevented himself from being present at that meeting, in which case, he said, he was pretty certain this unlucky affair had never happened; that, as it was, the only thing left for his friendship to do, was to amend what it had not lain within his power to prevent; and he begged, as a testimony of the old gentleman's regard, that he might honour

him so far as to commit to him the care of setting matters to rights with regard to the character of his son, which he hoped to be soon able effectually to restore.

The earliest consolation which a man receives after any calamity, is hallowed for ever in his regard, as a benighted traveller caresses the dog, whose barking first announced him to be near the habitations of men. It was so with Annesly; his unsuspecting heart overflowed with gratitude towards this friend of his son, and he now grew lavish of his confidence towards him, in proportion as he recollected having once (in his present opinion unjustly) denied it.

He returned therefore an answer to Sir Thomas, with all those genuine expressions of acknowledgment, which the honest emotions of his soul could dictate; he accepted, as the greatest obligation, that concern which he took in the welfare of his son, and cheerfully reposed on

his care the trust which his friendship desired; and, as a proof of it, he inclosed to him the letter he had wrote to William, to be delivered at what time, and enforced in what manner, his prudence should suggest.

CHAP. XII.

The plan which Sindall forms for obliterating the stain which the character of his friend had suffered.

Sir Thomas did accordingly deliver this letter of Annesly's to his son; and as the penitence which the young man then felt for his recent offence, made the assumption of a character of sobriety proper, he accompanied this paternal remonstrance with advices of his own, dictated alike by friendship and prudence.

They were at this time, indeed, but little necessary; in the interval between the paroxysms of pleasure and dissipation, the genuine feelings of his nature had time to arise; and, awakened as they

now were by the letters of his father and sister, their voice was irresistible: he kissed the signature of their names a thousand times, and, weeping on Sindall's neck, imprecated the wrath of heaven on his own head, that could thus heap affliction on the age of the best of parents.

He expressed at the same time his intention of leaving Oxford, and returning home, as an immediate instance of his desire of reformation. Sir Thomas, though he gave all the praise to this purpose which its filial piety deserved, yet doubted the propriety of putting it in execution: he said, that in the little circles of the country, Annesly's penitence would not so immediately blot out his offence, but that the weak and the illiberal would shun the contagion, as it were, of his company, and that he would meet every day with affronts and neglects, which the sincerity of his repentance ill de-

served, and his consciousness of that sincerity might not easily brook. He told him, that a young gentleman, a friend of his, who was just going to set out on a tour abroad, had but a few days before written to him, desiring his recommendation of somebody, with the manners and education of a gentleman, to accompany him on his travels; and that he believed he could easily procure that station for his friend; which would have the double advantage, of removing him from the obloquy to which the late accident had subjected him, and of improving him in every respect, by the opportunity it would give, of observing the laws, customs, and polity of our neighbours on the Continent.

While the depression produced by Annesly's consciousness of his offences remained strong upon his mind, this proposal met with no very warm reception; but, in proportion as the comfort and en-

couragement of his friend prevailed, the ambition, which a man of his age naturally feels to see something of the world, began to speak in its behalf; he mentioned, however, the consent of his father as an indispensable preliminary. This Sir Thomas allowed to be just; and showing him that confidential letter which the old gentleman had written him, undertook to mention this scheme for his approbation in the answer he intended making to it. In this too was inclosed his young friend's return to the letters of his father and sister, which were contained in the preceding chapter; full of that contrition which, at the time, he really felt, and of those good resolutions which, at the time, he sincerely formed. As to the matter of his going abroad, he only touched on it as a plan of Sir Thomas Sindall's, whose friendship had dictated the proposal, and whose judgment of its expediency his own words were to contain.

His father received it, not without those pangs which the thought of separation from a son, on whom the peace of his soul rested, must cause; but he examined it with that impartiality which his wisdom suggested in every thing that concerned his children: "My own satisfaction," he would often say, "has for its object only the few years of a waning life; the situation of my children, my hopes would extend to the importance of a much longer period." He held the balance therefore in an even hand; the arguments of Sindall had much of the specious, as his inducement to use them had much of the friendly. The young gentleman, whom Billy was to accompany, had connexions of such weight in the state, that the fairest prospects seemed to open from their patronage; nor could the force of that argument be denied, which supposed conveniency in the change of place to Annesly at the present, and improvement for the

future. There were not, however, wanting some considerations of reason to side with a parent's tears against the journey; but Sindall had answers for them all; and at last he wrung from him his slow leave, on condition that William should return home, for a single day, to bid the last farewell to his father and his Harriet.

Meantime, the punishment of Annesly's late offence in the university was mitigated by the interest of Sindall, and the intercession of Mr Jephson. Expulsion, which had before been insisted on, was changed into a sentence of less indignity, to wit, that of being publicly reprimanded by the head of the college to which he belonged; after submitting to which, he set out, accompanied by Sir Thomas, to bid adieu to his father's house, preparatory to his going abroad.

His father at meeting touched on his late irregularities with that delicacy, of which a good mind cannot divest itself,

even amidst the purposed severity of reproof: and, having thus far sacrificed to justice and parental authority, he opened his soul to all that warmth of affection which his Billy had always experienced; nor was the mind of his son yet so perverted by his former course of dissipation, as to be insensible to that sympathy of feelings which this indulgence should produce. The tear which he offered to it was the sacrifice of his heart; wrung by the recollection of the past, and swelling with the purpose of the future.

When the morning of his departure arrived, he stole softly into his father's chamber, meaning to take leave of him without being seen by his sister, whose tenderness of soul could not easily bear the pangs of a solemn farewell. He found his father on his knees.—The good man, rising with that serene dignity of aspect which those sacred duties ever conferred on him, turned to his son: "You go, my

boy," said he, "to a distant land, far from the guidance and protection of your earthly parent; I was recommending you to the care of Him who is at all times present with you: though I am not superstitious, yet, I confess, I feel something about me as if I should never see you more; if these are my last words, let them be treasured in your remembrance—Live as becomes a man and a Christian; live as becomes him who is to live for ever!"

As he spoke, his daughter entered the room. "Ah! my Billy," said she, "could you have been so cruel as to go without seeing your Harriet? it would have broken my heart! Oh! I have much to say, and many farewells to take; yet now, methinks, I can say nothing, and scarce dare bid you farewell!"—"My children," interrupted her father, "in this cabinet is a present I have always intended for each of you; and this, which is perhaps the last time we shall meet together, I think

the fittest to bestow them. Here, my Harriet, is a miniature of that angel your mother; imitate her virtues, and be happy. —Here, my Billy, is its counterpart, a picture of your father; whatever he is, Heaven knows his affection to you; let that endear the memorial, and recommend that conduct to his son which will make his father's grey hairs go down to the grave in peace!" Tears were the only answer that either could give. Annesly embraced his son, and blessed him. Harriet blubbered on his neck! Twice he offered to go, and twice the agony of his sister pulled him back; at last she flung herself into the arms of her father, who beckoning to Sir Thomas Sindall, just then arrived to carry off his companion, that young gentleman, who was himself not a little affected with the scene, took his friend by the hand, and led him to the carriage that waited them.

CHAP. XIII.

He reaches London, where he remains longer than was expected—The effects of his stay there.

In a few days Annesly, and his friend the baronet, arrived in the metropolis. His father had been informed, that the gentleman whom he was to accompany in his travels was to meet him in that city, where they proposed to remain only a week or two, for the purpose of seeing any thing curious in town, and of settling some points of accommodation on their rout through the countries they meant to visit: an intelligence, he confessed, very agreeable to him, because he knew the temptations to which a young man is exposed by a life of idleness in London.

But, in truth, the intention of Sir Tho-

mas Sindall never was, that his present pupil (if we may so call him) should travel any farther. The young gentleman, for whose companion he had pretended to engage Annesly, was indeed to set out very soon after on the tour of Europe; but he had already been provided with a travelling governor, who was to meet him upon his arrival at Calais, (for the air of England agreed so ill with this gentleman's constitution, that he never crossed the channel,) and who had made the same journey, several times before, with some English young men of great fortunes, whom he had the honour of returning to their native country, with the same sovereign contempt for it that he himself entertained. The purpose of Sindall was merely to remove the son to a still greater distance from his father, and to a scene where his own plan, of entire conversion, should meet with every aid, which the so-

ciety of the idle and the profligate could give it.

For some time, however, he found the disposition of Annesly averse to his designs. The figure of his father venerable in virtue, of his sister lovely in innocence, were imprinted on his mind; and the variety of public places of entertainment, to which Sir Thomas conducted him, could not immediately efface the impression.

But as their novelty at first delighted, their frequency at last subdued him; his mind began to accustom itself to the hurry of thoughtless amusement, and to feel a painful vacancy, when the bustle of the scene was at any time changed for solitude. The unrestrained warmth and energy of his temper, yielded up his understanding to the company of fools, and his resolutions of reformation to the society of the dissolute, because it caught the fervour of the present moment, before reason could pause on the disposal of the

next; and by the industry of Sindall, he found, every day, a set of friends, among whom the most engaging were always the most licentious, and joined to every thing which the good detest, every thing which the unthinking admire. I have often indeed been tempted to imagine, that there is something unfortunate, if not blameable, in that harshness and austerity, which virtue too often assumes; and have seen, with regret, some excellent men, the authority of whose understanding, and the attraction of whose wit, might have retained many a deserter under the banners of goodness, lose all that power of service, by the unbending distance which they kept from the little pleasantries and sweetness of life. This conduct may be safe, but there is something ungenerous and cowardly in it; to keep their forces, like an over-cautious commander, in fastnesses and fortified towns, while they suffer the enemy to waste and ravage the cham-

paign. Praise is indeed due to him, who can any way preserve his integrity; but surely the heart that can retain it, even while it opens to all the warmth of social feeling, will be an offering more acceptable in the eye of heaven.

Annesly was distant from any counsel or example, that might counterbalance the contagious influence of the dissolute society with which his time was now engrossed; but his seduction was not complete, till the better principles, which his soul still retained, were made accessary to its accomplishment.

Sindall procured a woman infamous enough for his purpose, the cast mistress of one of his former companions, whom he tutored to invent a plausible story of distress and misfortune, which he contrived in a manner seemingly accidental, to have communicated to Annesly. His native compassion, and his native warmth, were interested in her sufferings and her

wrongs; and he applauded himself for the protection which he afforded her, while she was the abandoned instrument of his undoing. After having retained, for some time, the purity of her guardian and protector, in an hour of intoxication, he ventured to approach her on a looser footing; and she had afterwards the address to make him believe, that the weakness of her gratitude had granted to him, what to any other her virtue would have refused; and during the criminal intercourse in which he lived with her, she continued to maintain a character of affection and tenderness, which might excuse the guilt of her own conduct, and account for the infatuation of his.

In this fatal connection every remembrance of that weeping home which he had so lately left, with the resolutions of penitence and reformation, was erased from his mind; or, if at times it intruded, it came not that gentle guest, at whose

CHAP. XIV.

He feels the distresses of poverty. He is put on a method of relieving them. An account of its success.

THE manner of life which Annesly now pursued, without restraint, was necessarily productive of such expence as he could very ill afford. But the craft of his female associate was not much at a loss for pretences, to make frequent demands on the generosity of his father. The same excuses which served to account for his stay in London, in some measure apologized for the largeness of the sums he drew for; if it was necessary for him to remain there, expence, if not unavoidable, was at least difficult to be avoided; and for the causes of his stay in that city,

he had only to repeat the accounts which he daily received from Sindall, of various accidents which obliged his young friend to postpone his intended tour.

Though in the country there was little opportunity of knowing the town irregularities of Annesly, yet there were not wanting surmises of it among some, of which it is likely his father might have heard enough to alarm him, had he not been at this time in such a state of health as prevented him from much society with his neighbours; a slow aguish disorder, which followed those symptoms his daughter's letter to her brother had described, having confined him to his chamber almost constantly from the time of his son's departure.

Annesly had still some blushes left; and when he had pushed his father's indulgence, in the article of supply, as far as shame would allow him, he looked round for some other source whence present re-

lief might be drawn, without daring to consider how the arrearages of the future should be cancelled. Sindall for some time answered his exigencies without reluctance; but at last he informed him, as he said with regret, that he could not, from particular circumstances, afford him, at that immediate juncture, any farther assistance than a small sum, which he then put into Annesly's hands, and which the very next day was squandered by the prodigality of his mistress.

The next morning he rose without knowing how the wants of the day were to be provided for; and strolling out into one of his accustomed walks, gave himself up to all the pangs which the retrospect of the past, and the idea of the present, suggested. But he felt not that contrition which results from ingenuous sorrow for our offences; his soul was ruled by that gloomy demon, who looks only to the anguish of their punishment, and accuses the hand

of Providence, for calamity which himself has occasioned.

In this situation he was met by one of his new acquired friends, who was walking off the oppression of last night's riot. The melancholy of his countenance was so easily observable, that it could not escape the notice of his companion, who rallied him on the seriousness of his aspect, in the cant-phrase of those brutes of our species, who are professed enemies to the faculty of thinking. Though Annesly's pride for a while kept him silent, it was at last overcome by the other's importunity, and he confessed the desperation of his circumstances to be the cause of his present depression. His companion, whose purse, as himself informed Annesly, had been flushed by the success of the preceding night, animated by the liberality which attends sudden good fortune, freely offered him the use of twenty pieces, till better times should enable him

to repay them. "But," said he, gaily, "it is a shame for a fellow of your parts to want money, when fortune has provided so many rich fools for the harvest of the wise and the industrious. If you'll allow me to be your conductor this evening, I will show you where, by the traffic of your wits, in a very short time you may convert these twenty guineas into fifty." "At play," replied Annesly, coolly. "Ay at play," returned the other, "and fair play too; 'tis the only profession left for a man of spirit and honour to pursue: to cheat as a merchant, to quibble as a lawyer, or to cant as a churchman, is confined to fellows who have no fire in their composition. Give me but a bold set, and a fair throw for it, and then for the life of a lord, or the death of a gentleman." "I have had but little experience in the profession," said Annesly, "and should but throw away your money." "Never fear," replied the other;

" do but mark me, and I will ensure you: I will show you our men; pigeons, mere pigeons, by Jupiter!"

It was not for a man in Annesly's situation to baulk the promise of such a golden opportunity; they dined together, and afterwards repaired to a gaming-house, where Annesly's companion introduced him, as a friend of his just arrived from the country, to several young gentlemen, who seemed to be waiting his arrival.—" I promised you your revenge," said he, " my dears, and you shall have it; some of my friend's Lady-day rents, too, have accompanied him to London; if you win, you shall wear them. To business, to business."

In the course of their play, Annesly, though but moderately skilled in the game, discovered, that the company, to whom he had been introduced, were in reality such bubbles as his companion had represented them: after being heated by some

small success in the beginning, they began to bet extravagantly against every calculation of chances; and in an hour or two, his associate and he had stripped them of a very considerable sum, of which his own share, though much the smaller, was upwards of threescore guineas. When they left the house, he offered his conductor the sum he had lent him, with a profusion of thanks, both for the use and the improvement of it. "No, my boy," said he, "not now; your note is sufficient: I will rather call for it when I am at a pinch; you see now the road to wealth and independence; you will meet me here to-morrow." He promised to meet him accordingly.

They had been but a few minutes in the room this second night, when a gentleman entered, whom the company saluted with the appellation of squire: the greater part of them seemed to be charmed with his presence; but the counte-

nance of Annesly's companion fell at his approach: "Damn him," says he, in a whisper to Annesly, "he's a knowing one."

In some degree indeed he deserved the title: for he had attained, from pretty long experience, assisted by natural quickness of parts, a considerable knowledge in the science; and in strokes of genius, at games where genius was required, was excelled by few. But after all, he was far from being successful in the profession: nature intended him for something better; and as he spoiled a wit, an orator, and perhaps a poet, by turning gambler; so he often spoiled a gambler by the ambition, which was not yet entirely quenched, of shining occasionally in all those characters. And as a companion, he was too pleasing, and too well pleased, to keep that cool indifference, which is the characteristic of him, who should be always possessed of himself, and

consider every other man only as the spunge from whom he is to squeeze advantage.

To the present party, however, he was unquestionably superior; and of course, in a short time, began to levy large contributions, not only on the more inexperienced, whom Annesly and his conductor had marked for their own booty, but likewise on these two gentlemen themselves, whose winnings of the former evening were now fast diminishing before the superior skill of this new antagonist.

But in the midst of his success, he was interrupted by the arrival of another gentleman, who seemed also to be a well-known character in this temple of fortune, being saluted by the familiar name of Black-beard. This man possessed an unmoved equality both of temper and aspect; and though, in reality, he was of no very superior abilities, yet had acquired the reputation both of depth and acute-

ness, from being always accustomed to think on his own interest, and pursuing with the most sedulous attention every object which led to it, unseduced by one single spark of those feelings which the world terms weakness.

In the article of gaming, which he had early pitched on as the means of advancement, he had availed himself of that industry, and saturnine complexion, to acquire the most consummate knowledge of its principles, which indeed he had attained to a very remarkable degree of perfection.

Opposed to this man, even the skill of the hitherto-successful squire was unavailing; and consequently he not only stripped that gentleman of the gains he had made, but gleaned whatever he had left in the purses of the inferior members of the party, amongst whom Annesly and his associates were reduced to their last guinea.

This they agreed to spend together at a tavern in the neighbourhood, where they cursed fortune, their spoiler, and themselves, in all the bitterness of rage and disappointment. Annesly did not seek to account for their losses otherwise than in the real way, to wit, from the superior skill of their adversary; but his companion, who often boasted of his own, threw out some insinuations of foul play and connivance.

"If I thought that," said Annesly, laying his hand on his sword, while his cheeks burnt with indignation. "Poh!" replied the other, "'tis in vain to be angry; here is damnation to him in a bumper."

The other did not fail his pledge; and, by a liberal application to the bottle, they so far overcame their losses, that Annesly reeled home, singing a catch, forgetful of the past, and regardless of to-morrow.

CHAP. XV.

Another attempt to retrieve his circumstances, the consequences of which are still more fatal.

THOUGH the arrival of to-morrow might be overlooked, it could not be prevented. It rose on Annesly, one of the most wretched of mankind. Poverty, embittered by disgrace, was now approaching him, who knew of no friend to ward off the blow, and had no consolation in himself by which it might be lightened: if any thing could add to his present distress, it was increased by the absence of Sindall, who was then in the country, and the upbraidings of his female companion, who now exclaimed against the folly which herself had caused, and the extravagance herself had participated.

About mid-day, his last night's fellow-sufferer paid him a visit: their mutual chagrin at meeting, from the recollection of misfortune which it produced, was evident in their countenances; but it was not a little increased, when the other told Annesly he came to put him in mind of the sum he had advanced him two days before, for which he had now very particular occasion. Annesly answered, that he had frankly told him the state of his finances at the time of the loan, and accepted it on no condition of speedy payment; that he had, that same evening, offered to repay him when it was in his power; and that he could not but think the demand ungentlemanlike, at a time when he must know his utter inability to comply with it.

"Ungentlemanlike!" said the other; "I don't understand what you mean, Sir, by such a phrase; will you pay me my money, or not?"—"I cannot."—"Then,

sir, you must expect me to employ some gentleman for the recovery of it, who will speak to you, perhaps, in a more ungentlemanlike style than I do." And, so saying, he flung out of the room.

"Infamous wretch!" exclaimed Annesly, and walked about with a hurried step, gnawing his lips, and muttering curses on him, and on himself.——There was another gentleman wanted to see him below stairs.—'Twas a mercer, who came to demand payment of some fineries his lady, as he termed her, had purchased: he was, with difficulty, dismissed.—In a quarter of an hour there was another call—'Twas a dun of a tailor for clothes to himself—he would take no excuse—"Come," said Annesly, with a look of desperation, "to-morrow morning, and I will pay you."

But how?—he stared wildly on the ground, then knocked his head against the wall, and acted all the extravagan-

cies of a madman. At last, with a more settled horror in his eye, he put on his sword, and without knowing whither he should go, sallied into the street.

He happened to meet in his way some of those boon companions, with whom his nights of jollity had been spent; but their terms of salutation were so cold and forbidding, as obviously to show that the account of his circumstances had already reached them; and, with them, he who had every thing to ask, and nothing to bestow, could possess no quality attractive of regard. After sauntering from street to street, and from square to square, he found himself, towards the close of the day, within a few paces of that very gaming-house where he had been so unfortunate the evening before. A sort of malicious curiosity, and some hope of he knew not what, tempted him to re-enter it. He found much the same company he had seen the preceding night, with

the exception, however, of his former associate, and one or two of the younger members of their party, whom the same cause prevented from attending.

Strolling into another room, he found an inferior set of gamesters, whose stakes were lower, though their vociferation was infinitely more loud. In the far corner sat a man, who preserved a composure of countenance, undisturbed by the clamour and confusion that surrounded him. After a little observation, Annesly discovered that he was a money-lender, who advanced certain sums at a very exorbitant premium to the persons engaged in the play. Some of those he saw, who could offer no other security satisfying to this usurer, procure a few guineas from him, on pawning a watch, ring, or some other appendage of former finery. Of such he had before divested himself for urgent demands, and had nothing superfluous about

him but his sword, which he had kept the latest, and which he now deposited in the hands of the old gentleman in the corner, who furnished him with a couple of pieces upon it, that with them he might once more try his fortune at the table.

The success exceeded his expectation: it was so rapid, that in less than an hour he had increased his two guineas to forty, with which he determined to retire contented; but when he would have redeemed his sword, he was informed that the keeper had just gone into the other room, where, as he entered to demand it, he unfortunately overheard the same gentleman who had gained his money the former night, offering a bet, to the amount of the sum Annesly then possessed, on a cast where he imagined the chance to be much against it. Stimulated with the desire of doubling his gain, and the sudden provocation, as it were, of the offer, he accepted it; and, in one moment, lost all

the fruits of his former good fortune.—The transport of his passion could not express itself in words; but taking up one of the dice, with the seeming coolness of exquisite anguish, he fairly bit it in two, and casting a look of frenzy on his sword, which he was now unable to ransom, he rushed out of the house, uncovered as he was, his hat hanging on a peg in the other apartment.

The agitation of his mind was such as denied all attention to common things; and, instead of taking the direct road to his lodgings, he wandered off the street into an obscure alley, where he had not advanced far, till he was accosted by a fellow, who, in a very peremptory tone, desired him to deliver his money, or he would instantly blow out his brains, presenting a pistol at less than half a yard's distance.—"I can give you nothing," said Annesly, "because I have nothing to give."—"Damn you," returned the other,

" do you think I'll be fobbed off so; your money and be damned to you, or I'll send you to hell in a twinkling"—advancing his pistol, at the same time, within a hand's-breadth of his face. Annesly, at that instant, struck up the muzzle with his arm, and, laying hold of the barrel, by a sudden wrench forced the weapon out of the hands of the villain, who, not choosing to risk any farther combat, made the best of his way down the alley, and left Annesly master of his arms. He stood for a moment entranced in thought.—" Whoever thou art," said he, " I thank thee; by heaven, thou instructest and armest me; this may provide for to-morrow, or make its provision unnecessary." He now returned with a hurried pace to the mouth of the alley, where, in the shade of a jutting wall, he could mark, unperceived, the objects on the street. He had stood there but a few seconds, and began already to waver in his purpose, when he

saw come out of the gaming-house, which he had left, the very man who had plundered him of his all. The richness of the prize, with immediate revenge, awakened together in his mind; and the suspicion of foul play, which his companion had hinted the night before, gave them a sanction of something like justice; he waited till the chair, in which the gamester was conveyed, came opposite to the place where he stood; then covering his face with one hand, and assuming a tone different from his natural, he pulled out his pistol, and commanded the leading chairman to stop. This effected, he went up to the chair, and the gentleman within having let down one of the glasses to know the reason of its stop, the stopper clapped the pistol to his breast, and threatened him with instant death if he did not deliver his money. The other, after some little hesitation, during which Annesly repeated his threats with the

most horrible oaths, drew a purse of gold from his pocket, which Annesly snatched out of his hand, and, running down the alley, made his escape at the other end; and, after turning through several streets, in different directions, so as to elude pursuit, arrived safely at home with the booty he had taken.

Meantime, the gamester returned to the house he had just quitted, with the account of his disaster. The whole fraternity, who could make no allowance for a robber of this sort, were alarmed at the accident; every one was busied in inquiry, and a thousand questions were asked about his appearance, his behaviour, and the rout he had taken. The chairmen, who had been somewhat more possessed of themselves at the time of the robbery than their master, had remarked the circumstance of the robber's wanting his hat: this was no sooner mentioned, than a buz ran through the company, that the young gentleman,

who had gone off a little while before, had been observed to be uncovered when he left the house; and upon search made, his hat was actually found, with his name marked on the inside. This was a ground of suspicion too strong to be overlooked: messengers were dispatched in quest of the friend who had introduced him there the preceding night; upon his being found, and acquainting them of Annesly's lodgings, proper warrants were obtained for a search.

When that unfortunate young man arrived at home, he was met on the stairs by the lady we have formerly mentioned, who, in terms of bitter reproach, interrupted with tears, inveighed against the cruelty of his neglect, in thus leaving her to pine alone, without even the common comforts of a miserable life. Her censure indeed was the more violent, as there was little reason for its violence; for she had that moment dismissed, at a back door, a

gallant, who was more attentive than Annesly. He, who could very well allow the grounds of her complaint, only pleaded necessity for his excuse: he could but mutter this apology in imperfect words; for the perturbation of his mind almost deprived him of the powers of speech. Upon her taking notice of this, with much seeming concern for his health, he beckoned her into a chamber, and, dashing the purse on the floor, pointed to it with a look of horror, as an answer to her upbraidings.

"What have you done for this?" said she, taking it up: He threw himself into a chair, without answering a word.

At that moment the officers of justice, who had lost no time in prosecuting their information, entered the house; and some of them, accompanied by an attorney, employed by the gentleman who had been robbed, walked softly up stairs to the room where Annesly was, and bursting into it

before he could prepare for any defence, laid hold of him in rather a violent manner; which the lawyer observing, desired them to use the gentleman civilly, till he should ask him a few questions. "I will answer none," said Annesly; "do your duty."—"Then, Sir," replied the other, "you must attend us to those who can question you with better authority; and I must make bold to secure this lady, till she answer some questions also." The lady saved him the trouble; for, being now pretty well satisfied, that her hero was at the end of his career, she thought it most prudent to break off a connection where nothing was to be gained, and make a merit of contributing her endeavours to bring the offender to justice. She called, therefore, this leader of the party into another room, and being informed by him that the young gentleman was suspected of having committed a robbery scarce an hour before, she pulled out the purse which

she had just received from him, and asked the lawyer, "If it was that which had been taken from his client?"—"Ay, that it is, I'll be sworn," said he; "and here (pouring out its contents) is the ring he mentioned at the bottom."—"But," said she, pausing a little, "it will prove the thing as well without the guineas."—"I protest," returned the lawyer, "thou art a girl of excellent invention—Hum—here are fourscore; one half of them might have been spent—or dropt out by the way, or —any thing may be supposed; and so we shall have twenty a-piece.—Some folks to be sure would take more, but I love conscience in those matters."

Having finished this transaction, in such a manner as might give no offence to the conscience of this honest pettifogger, they returned to the prisoner, who contented himself with darting a look of indignation at his female betrayer; and, after being some time in the custody of the lawyer

and his assistants, he was carried, in the morning, along with her, before a magistrate. The several circumstances I have related being sworn to, Annesly was committed to Newgate, and the gamester bound over to prosecute him at the next sessions, which were not then very distant.

CHAP. XVI.

The miseries of him whose punishment is inflicted by conscience.

THOUGH Annesly must have suffered much during the agitation of these proceedings, yet that was little to what he felt, when left to reflection, in the solitude of his new abode. Let the virtuous remember, amidst their affliction, that though the heart of the good man may bleed even to death, it will never feel a torment equal to the rendings of remorse.

For some time the whirling of his brain gave him no leisure to exercise any faculty that could be termed thinking; when that sort of delirium subsided, it left him only to make room for more exquisite, though less turbulent anguish.

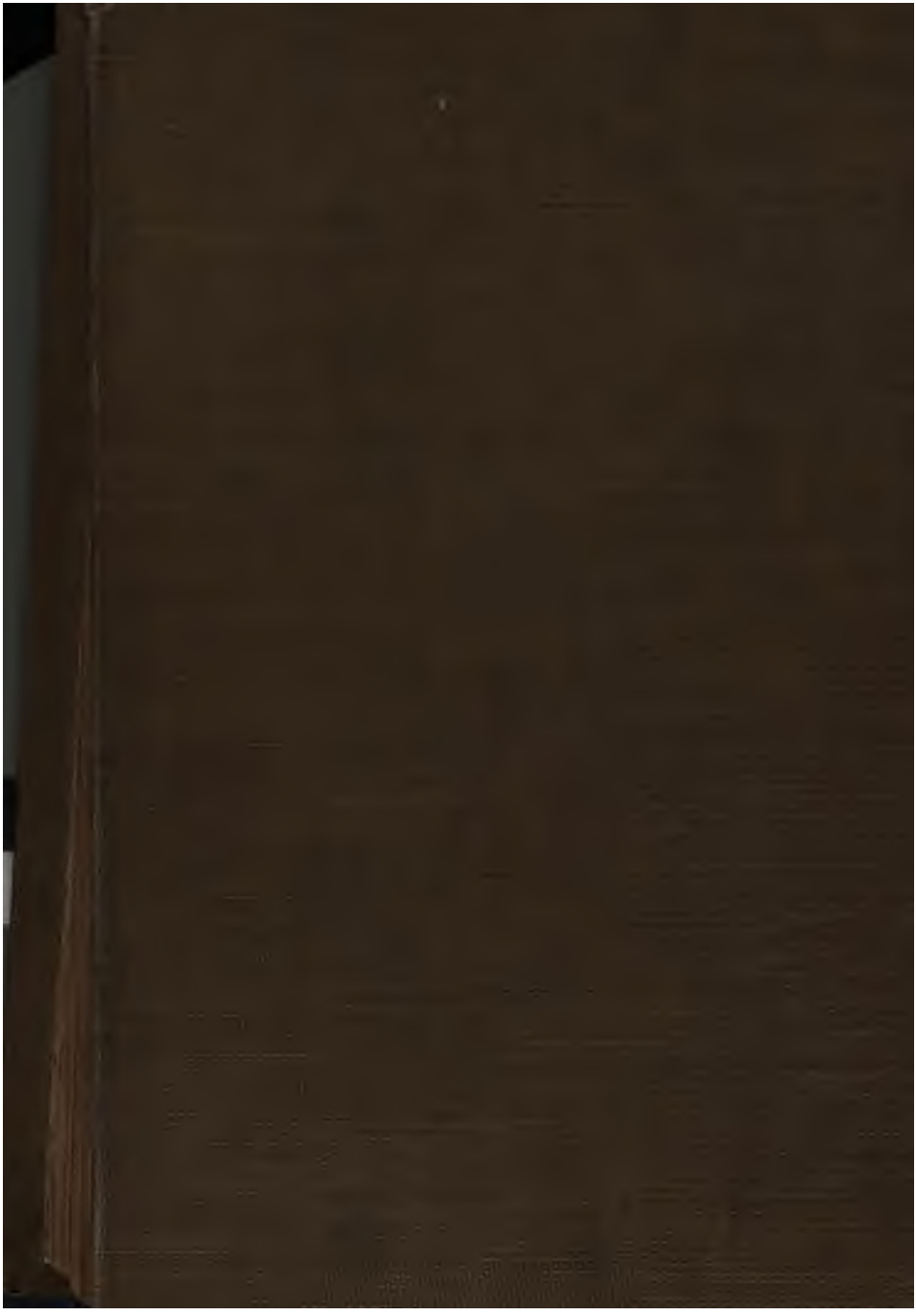
After he had visited every corner of resource, and found them all dark and comfortless, he started at last from that posture of despair in which he sat, and turning the glare of his eye intently upwards:

"Take back," said he, "thou Power that gavest me being! take back that life which thou didst breathe into me for the best of purposes, but which I have profaned by actions equally mischievous to thy government, and ignominious to myself. The passions which thou didst implant in me, that reason which should balance them is unable to withstand: from one only I receive useful admonition; the shame, that could not prevent, now punishes my crimes. Her voice for once I will obey; and leave a state, in which if I remain, I continue a blot to nature, and an enemy to man."

He drew a penknife, now his only weapon, from its sheath—he bared his bosom for the horrid deed—when the picture of

his father, which the good man had bestowed on him at parting, and he had worn ever since in his bosom, struck his eye— it was drawn in the mildness of holy meditation, with the hands folded together, and the eyes lifted to heaven) "Merciful God!" said Annesly—he would have uttered a prayer, but his soul was wound up to a pitch that could but one way be let down—he flung himself on the ground, and burst into an agony of tears.

The door of the apartment opening, discovered the jailor, followed by Sir Thomas Sindal—"My friend in this place?" said he to Annesly,—who covered his face with his hands, and replied only by a groan.

Sindal made signs for the keeper of the prison to leave them.—"Come," said he, "my dear Annesly, be not so entirely overcome. I flatter myself, you know my friendship too well, to suppose that it

will desert you even here. I may, perhaps, have opportunities of comforting you in many ways; at least I shall feel and pity your distresses."—"Leave me," answered the other, "leave me; I deserve no pity, and methinks there is a pride in refusing it."—"You must not say so; my love has much to plead for you; nor are you without excuse even to the world." "Oh! Sindall," said he, "I am without excuse to myself! when I look back to that peace of mind, to that happiness I have squandered!—I will not curse, but —oh! fool, fool, fool!"—"I would not," said Sir Thomas, "increase that anguish which you feel, were I not obliged to mention the name of your father."—"My father!" cried Annesly; "O hide me from my father!"—"Alas!" replied Sindall, "he must hear of your disaster from other hands; and it were cruel not to acquaint him of it in a way that should wound him the least."—Annesly gazed